# THE COMMONWEAL

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# WHO IS AN AMERICAN?

JONES was walking home. He was walking because his head was swimming with matters that needed thinking out—with, if the truth must be told, quotations from a book he had just put down. It happened to be a wiser and more urbane book than most of those devoted to similar subjects, but, nevertheless, it had nettled Jones. Interested as he was in the panorama his author evoked, he couldn't help seeing the whole thing from another point of view. Was it mere narrow prejudice on his part? The book—Dr. Henry Pratt Fairchild's The Melting-Pot Mistakes—sprinkled its urbane pages with phrases that flashed like spears. Or were hot in pursuit of each other, like so many electrons in a radio tube. With its major premises, Jones was not disposed to quarrel. He conceded, though possibly a little reluctantly, that the results of immigration had somehow proved disappointing. And he was quite ready to grant that there are deep human differences—of race and tradition—which it would be futile to ignore and which muddle American community life. But everything depends upon what conclusions one arrives at from premises.

"How can we devise tests of true assimilation?" asked the book, after having made the point that current labels for citizenship are often spurious and inadequate. "There remains just one conception of America which at all measures up to the deep-seated, subconscious image which the name suggests. America is a spiritual reality. It is a body of ideas and ideals, traditions, beliefs, customs, habits, institutions, standards, loyalties, a whole complex of cultural and moral values. The true Americans are those who embody most completely in their individual characters, and, taken as a mass, embody perfectly, the spiritual traits and qualities that make up the American nationality." And what must the amateur American do if he wishes to be saved? "He must devoutly wish to be Americanized," although it is a major part of the older resident's duty to "see that America shall be lovable." In other words, the goal of immigration is to conform —comfortably. And the ultimate purpose? Dr. Fairchild packed it into convenient form by saying: "The central factor in the world organization of the present is nationalism. Strong, self-conscious nationalities are indispensable to the efficient ordering of international relations. Every well-developed nationality is a priceless product of social evolution."

For some reason—a flaw of character, perhaps—Jones was particularly struck by the fact that people who are always talking about evolution seldom stop to think about change. It seems self-evident to them that once they have set up a type, a habit of conduct,


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it is bound to endure forever. But if we care to look at the matter realistically, does it appear in the least necessary that a national code which has been in existence only a century and a half should continue without modification? There is, of course, every reason why some of us should like to conserve a formula of consciousness which has been in the family during many years. It is the only worth-while symbol of aristocracy. It is the tap-root by reason of which we rise higher spiritually. But unfortunately this implies, when placed in conjunction with ideas of Americanism, that we have cared about aristocracy. We have not, because we have boldly declared that all men are equal and, at least theoretically, free.

Jones recalled that during the war—the very same grim struggle which, as Dr. Fairchild says, brought all the talk about nationhood to the fore—he had gone on a reconnoitering mission through a certain area of trenches and barbed wire. And to his astonishment he discovered that the American guards who accosted him could not understand English. At least, not the king's English. He got on much better with signs. And it struck Jones that he himself—and many another fellow-citizen whose ancestors had engaged passage on an early ship to these shores—were far less well satisfied about the value, the rightness and the glory of the struggle than was the dirt-covered division of "scruff" and "Hunyaks" whose helmets skimmed the surface of those dangerous ditches. Was it the part of wisdom to feel that this rising young crowd would have nothing of its own to offer the cultural consciousness of America? That the "native population" of a hundred thousand little villages which have been all but physically dead since the wave of pioneering passed over their bean-stalks and their pansies would alone dictate the standard to which citizenship would approximate in years to come? Why, the whole process is only 150 years old.

The trouble with many people, he said to himself, is a manifest lack of patience. We may properly speak of an American type that has been dominant; we cannot presume—at least we cannot decently presume—to fix the type that will eventually prevail. It is well enough to establish intelligent safeguards: to say that diversity of race is menacing and ought to be checked; that a certain variety of newcomer is below normal; that the ratio of ingress should be adapted to the capacity of our social and economic institutions. But it is both perilous and unreasonable to attempt staking out, irrevocably, the definition of nationhood. Summoning the hillbillies and the Cincinnati, the petrified yokel and the heirs of Concord, to a kind of convention that shall underwrite an everlasting spiritual constitution for America—this is to invite from the satirical gods a triumphant "razz." It may be, as Dr. Fairchild declares, that "parochial schools fall far short of the public schools as Americanizing agencies," and that antagonism to the prohibition laws comes from "millions of persons whose traditional attitude toward both the use of alcoholic drinks and constitutional government is so distinctly foreign that they cannot possibly even comprehend the character and spirit of this undertaking." It may be so, Jones said to himself. But not even a professor of sociology would venture to declare that these schools or these people have played the devil with the future by a wholesale smashing of homes in the courts, or—as is revealed in this famous recent questionnaire from old Harvard—by shirking the sacrifice of race perpetuation.

And by the time Jones reached home—at a late and meditative hour—he had pretty well come to the conclusion that the problem of American nationhood is really the old problem of European civilization. Ultimately, it is what we are all interested in, when we think of the surging populace which mans our factories, our industries, our civic agencies and our farms. It is this we really wish to conserve, and not some petty, differentiated humor or trait of personality. The time has come to concede—at least in books which purport to be scholarly discussions of the subject—that this great thought of a common human civilization was conspicuously absent during the years when immigration was at its height. We thought these crowds which came by steerage into the unknown were just so much more muscle for the great push toward national fortune. We housed them in offal and ground away their youth. We dumped them into mines and foundries, and we jeered at their ache for home. And, if to some extent we are now paying the price for a generation that was spawned in the dirt of industrialism, it is at least becoming reasonably clear that you cannot with impunity enslave the European. The really calamitous thing, said Jones to himself, is not how much of the American status quo these people may have missed learning; it is rather how much of the old peasant and bourgeois virtues they may have lost. For the child is the shadow of its father—when there is any sun.

Well, the present which pays is wiser than the past which spent. When the futile computation about what fraction of a century each of us has spent here will be ended, we shall gain a clear impression of much that looms up in the darkness of night—of shadowy towers "built by the pennies of the poor"; of tremendous industry made successful by sweat and poverty; and of families reared patiently in the shadow of the fight for bread. And then possibly we shall understand, as Jones seemed to, that the greatness of the task accomplished—the mere human task that has to do with the soul and its affections—is an augury of what may reasonably be hoped for in the future. Hoped for, that is, if we desist from hampering the national character with dictatorial straitjackets devised by the speculative, and go bravely forward to the realization of what is abiding in the great civilization which our fathers shared in common.

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# THE COMMONWEAL

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MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH HELEN WALKER

HENRY LONGAN STUART GEORGE N. SHUSTER

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BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE



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## WEEK BY WEEK

INDUSTRIAL expansion reaped another crop of headlines when the announcement of a gigantic food merger in which the Ward interests were to take a leading rôle brought first, a batch of charitable promises from Mr. Ward; and secondly, an angry senatorial investigation of a supposed trust. We are quite content to await the decision which will grow out of the report to be made by the Federal Trade Commission. Meanwhile, the social action department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference has enumerated a few of the possible economic results of a merger so vast in scope as the one proposed. "As the company becomes organized," we are told, "it will run many small businesses to the wall or push them to the edge of bankruptcy. The Ward baking interests have already done this, and the new company is still more threatening. It can make economies and undersell local recalcitrant competitors until they are forced to close their doors. Then the monopoly can proceed to take all that the traffic will bear."

FROM the point of view of labor, the Conference's Bulletin says: "The Ward interests are an example of the anti-union attitude of many large American employers. Their growth has meant the growth of non-union labor in the baking trade, and their new venture will probably have the same effect on a larger scale." It must be confessed that the proposed "corporation with a soul" gave assurance of being more deeply interested in spiritual uplift than in the material welfare of its environment. It seemed to predict the grant of important sums to hospitals and research institutes, in the approved method of modern magnanimity. Well, we should, perhaps, view the future with more confidence if we were sure that Mr. Ward were really interested in the betterment of bread. If we must have "soul" with our staff of life, it should be remembered that three times a day it is legitimate to associate with a not too ethereal crust.

BY a particularly stupid interpretation of a dubiously phrased law, the powers that control immigration at the port of New York have again treated America and the world at large to one of those exhibitions of pharisaism which are earning our country a reputation altogether undeserved, for self-righteousness and insincerity. The comment in the Cathcart-Craven case by responsible organs of the press is so overwhelming and unanimous that little remains to be added to it. One consideration, however, commented on liberally in England, is worth a passing word. On the face of it, it is somewhat incongruous that the country which is the world's banner-bearer in divorce statistics should be the one to attach the harsh term "moral turpitude" to principals in a divorce action abroad, and should exclude them from its territory with every evidence of righteous indignation.

HYPOCRISY is seldom a conscious attitude of mind. More often than not it is the result of an incapacity to think straight and to rid a moral issue of the associations (fortunate or unfortunate) that accrue to it by accident. Thus in America, it is idle to deny that a certain reputability has come to invest divorce in the worldly mind, which has nothing whatever to do with a feeling that we are "not as other men"—or women. So many and so trivial are the grounds upon which it is granted in various states, that the moral stigma which surrounds it in England has gradually ceased to exist here. When failure to support, the loosely construed "desertion," or even sheer incompatibility of temperament are made the pretext for dissolving the matrimonial bond, it is hardly worth anyone's while to go behind the façade and point out the moral canker such things conceal. At all events, it is socially very unsafe.

THE really heavy sinners escape in the multitude of the irrational. It is when the publicity with which dirty domestic linen is washed abroad, and the notoriety that comes from the social position of the parties concerned, render the polite fiction impossible, that we are treated to such an atavistic exhibition of offended virtue as the Labor Department is now offering us. So long as the vague and loosely interpreted regulations upon immigration remain in force, it is likely that we will be edified from time to time by these spectacular opportunities of letting the world know just what people we prefer to entertain within our gates. In the interests of consistency it is a

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pity that they have to be exercised at the expense of alien sinners. There is something in the suggestion made by the New York World, that in order to show our perfect reciprocity in the matter, American consuls should refuse to visé the passports of prominent home-bred offenders against a moral code which the majority of our plain citizens still respect.

SOCIAL workers often listen to the reproach that, as the result of too much organization, their efforts overlap and result in the futility which is always present where too many fingers have meddled with the pie. What, for instance, is the real function of religious charities? Are they not attempting to carry on work already entrusted to the state? The point was taken up by Dr. John A. Lapp, of the social action department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, in commenting upon a field survey of the diocese of Newark. He declared that the term "social welfare" is wider than the scope which Catholic charities set for themselves, and that the public community agencies work, and should work, without any thought of religious distinctions. "We do not maintain or accept the idea," he said, "that Catholic charities should care for all the needs of Catholic people. We hold rather that there are community responsibilities in which Catholics take their part as members of the community. Catholics feel a definite responsibility for whatever is essential to spiritual protection, but in matters fundamentally material in character, they are sworn to the idea of coöperation with their fellow-citizens. Where other agencies do not exist, or where Catholic agencies do the work better, the public will naturally use the facilities afforded by Catholic welfare work. Thus, in the case of hospitals, it is well to know that a large percentage of patients, often more than half, are not Catholics." Coming as they do from a man so familiar with social methods as Dr. Lapp, these words have genuine authoritative value.

THE intellectual Odyssey of Mr. A. R. Orage, as set forth in the series of articles which The Commonweal is publishing, ought to prove a valuable stimulus to those who are trying to formulate an equitable economic program. Practical conditions, veering rapidly, subject theoretical maxims to a severe test; and often a slogan of reform adopted by those whose intentions are the very best turns out to be, after all, only a slogan. The London Month, commenting upon a series of magazine articles setting forth a "Catholic alternative to capitalism," expressed its disappointment at not having found "any profound diagnosis of the present system of production for profit merely and of the financial control of industry, which results in unemployment for both workers and machinery in a world which is clamoring for goods." Industrial idleness is perhaps more general in Great Britain than elsewhere, but everybody knows that it remains an abiding substratum of even so unusual a situation as American prosperity as we experience it today.

THE MONTH, therefore, went on to declare: "No Catholic economist has as yet discovered the cause of the production anomaly; nor indeed have we as yet seen any exhaustive appreciation by Catholic critics of the diagnosis made by Major Douglas and his school, and the remedy they propose under the name of 'Social Credit.' During the ten years in which that remedy has been urged, no serious attempt has been made, if we except some notes in the Irish Theological Quarterly a long while ago, to explore its possibilities and see whether it harmonizes with Catholic principles. Yet in view of the disturbances caused by unemployment, and the danger of international turbulence due to the struggle for markets, we cannot afford to neglect any means to industrial peace." In all truth we cannot be indifferent to any program which adduces reasonable corrective conclusions from the mass of existing industrial facts; and the first-hand information supplied by Mr. Orage, while exceptionally interesting, should be exceptionally valuable as well.

PANEGYRICS and eulogies upon the recently dead do not, as a rule, assay a very high percentage of thought or suggestion. The "pitch" of eulogy, if one may be permitted a musical term, is too often forced, and its phrasing has a fatal facility for falling into the banal and stereotyped. A rather notable exception is to be found in the many tributes paid in America by men of all religious professions to the late Cardinal Mercier. Whether it be the pathos inherent in the spectacle of a stricken leader of a dispersed people, or some element in his life that impels the recognition of sanctity, it is a fact that seldom has language of such authentic loftiness and eloquence saluted the passing of a great figure. An anthology of the sermons preached in American churches upon the dead Cardinal would make a volume of real literary merit.

NOTABLE among many remarkable utterances was the sermon preached by Dr. Henry E. Kelly, rector of the Episcopal church of Saint George, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, on the Sunday following the receipt of the sad news from Malines. Saluting in the dead prelate one who "has sweetened the religious air" of the world, for a time at least, Dr. Kelly took occasion to refer in no measured terms to the aridity and erastianism that has overtaken so many branches of religious confession, and to the repellant aspect of the letter when the spirit has been suffered to leak away. "It is a sober fact," said Dr. Kelly, "that some parts of the Christian church have in practice abandoned the effort towards spirituality and content themselves with a mere practical earthly substitute for sanctity." And that no doubt might persist as to the application of his remarks, the rector of Saint George's

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asked his congregation to place for one moment the dead prince of the Church "with his daily Mass, his visits to the Blessed Sacrament in his chapel, his nightly rosary, beside a Ku Klux Klan zealot, and look the two over."

WHAT we are watching for the brief and reluctant moments during which we permit ourselves the comparison, is a distinction, amounting almost to that philosophical contradiction, an antinomy, between two conceptions of virtue. It is a truism that the man who is most merciless to himself is often markedly indulgent towards the failures of others. The spirit is made evident over and over again in little ways—in a carelessness of appearances to which the Pharisee attaches immense importance—in a realization that all times to deliver the message of righteousness are not equally timely. Dr. Kelly noted that the dead Cardinal, though himself a water-drinker and ascetic in diet, always offered wine to his guests. Sanctity, to such an elect soul, is something positive, quite apart from its diffusion among his fellows—something to be cultivated sedulously and personally—prayed for and striven for, as though the carelessness and slackness of the sinner imposed as their first duty the obligation on the saint of working overtime.

TO your Pharisee, on the contrary, it is the mass result that counts. The volume of lip service to his ideals, however reluctantly it is rendered, is his measure of achievement. The incorporation of his prejudices into the body of laws is his ultimate triumph. His favored ally is the strong arm of the law. By suggestion, by propaganda, and, when necessary, by waking forgotten laws from their dusty sleep, it is his determination to impose upon an entire nation the outward mold of conformity, heedless of the rebellion that may lurk beneath it or the disrepute that falls upon righteousness when the police-court is made its minister. Shibboleths trip from his tongue and a sour suspicion of all who differ from him racially or religiously limits his charity to a point where sounding brass and tinkling cymbal invest his message. In a word, he is drill-sergeant where he might be inspiring leader. His assumption of spiritual authority over those he condemns (it is thus Dr. Kelly puts it) "is unmitigated self-conceit. He is an inferior person."

STEADILY crumbling, the towers of Cologne's great cathedral must be repaired on an extensive scale if the structure is to be saved. By a rather singular coincidence, the centenary of a man who is honored in one of the cathedral windows—Joseph von Görres—is the occasion for observing how much more widely his significance is realized than it ever was previously. The window commemorates him as "the glorious defender of Catholic truth in Germany"; and the title was earned during years of stern conflict for religious liberty and tradition. But though Görres fought journalistically for what he believed were sound patriotic and spiritual ideals, the really tremendous and vital thing about him was his power to grow—to escape the mere revolutionary impulses of his youth and learn the art of constructive thinking; to discard narrow nationalistic tenets for a wider and more statesmanlike concept of the European scene; and to arrive at the conviction that all civic life is near perfection only when it is founded upon the abiding ambitions of the soul. He who had been a hampered, almost a persecuted, editor, answered the Bavarian king's invitation and came to teach at the University of Munich. There must have been many who felt that his training was so imperfect and his methods so unacademic that the atmosphere would lay bare his faults rather than develop his gifts. But he towered above all the circumstance of routine, and laid the foundations of what was the first genuine Catholic renaissance in Germany. The success was due in some measure to his genius, his tireless study, his personal magnetism. But the deeper reason was the strength with which he drew from the vital springs of civilization, as that had saved his fathers and could halt again, in the modern time, the battalions of barbarism.

THE age-old association of Holy Orders with science is once more interestingly recalled by the death of Abbé Jean-Jacques Kieffer, a professor at the college of Saint Augustin, at Bitsche, near Metz. In addition to the duties of his professorship, the dead priest devoted a long life (he was born in 1857) to entomological studies, which gained him a reputation, not only in France, but in Germany and the English-speaking countries. Abbé Kieffer applied his science in most practical fashion by specializing on parasitic forms of insect life, and for his work in this field was elected a member of the Entomological Societies of France and Belgium. Several missions in Africa were confided to him by the French government. Honors, including a special prize by the Institute of France, poured upon him during the last days of his life, and he was, over and over again, invited to take important university chairs of science. Apart from the investigations conducted by him in the colonies, however, which he made it a point of patriotism not to refuse, the dead priest could not be prevailed upon to leave his college, from which many recruits have passed to the foreign mission field.

AN article in the current number of our contemporary, Discovery, on micro-aquaria, should interest quite a number of people. Everybody has seen the ordinary aquarium and many have kept one if only for the accommodation of gold fish. Most people, too, know that the ponds and the more sluggish streams contain a quantity of living creatures which can be studied with a very modestly powered microscope or even with a powerful single lens. The keeping of these live specimens in aquaria has been a difficult thing owing to the

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unfortunate habit that the creatures have of dying off under captivity. It has been a common experience for a teacher of biology to go to his tank for a supply of amoebae and to find none where he had left a flock. The new way of dealing with the problem outlined in this article is too technical to be described in these columns. But there is an especial point of interest in connection with the essay, which is that its author is a nun in that very well known centre of education, Notre Dame College at Dowanhill, Glasgow. Sister Monica Taylor, a doctor of science of the University of Glasgow (an institution by no means lavish in the bestowal of such degrees) is the greatest living authority on the protozoan inhabitants of aquaria and their management, and not only the author of this article but also an exhibitor of her methods at the Royal Society. So great is the interest which her methods have aroused that she has been invited to attend the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science next summer, to give a public demonstration of them.

THAT the automobile is doing its bit towards the extermination of the human race every unfortunate pedestrian knows from many a hair's-breadth escape. But it was left for a correspondent of our contemporary, Science, to make a serious study of what it is doing to animals. His facts are derived from a drive of 220 miles through the state of Iowa, in August, and the net bag, not of his car, but of others which had passed before it on the road, consisted, first, of thirty chickens. That alone is not surprising, for of all creatures, the hen is the most foolish, and no one can have driven or been driven many miles in the country without having seen and heard a frightened, squawking fowl committing hara-kiri. But the dead also numbered three rabbits and two skunks; two striped spermophiles (a species of ground squirrel) one sparrow-hawk; one cow-bird and one garter snake—a mixed bag and a curious one.

BUT what was really remarkable was the extraordinary number of red-headed woodpeckers which had been killed. In his journeyings to and fro, the observer had so frequently seen them lying dead along the roadside that this special trip was made to investigate the cause of the phenomenon. In the first 100 miles, over roads little used by motorists, no dead birds were counted. In the remaining 120 miles over roads widely used, twenty-one dead were picked up. The stomachs of the dead contained bits of food which were undoubtedly fragments thrown from cars on the road and picked up by the woodpeckers—fearless creatures which will stay feeding till the last moment. Their clumsy feet, made for tree climbing, do not allow them to side-step as other birds can, and the end comes swiftly. Probably the diagnosis is correct, and the suggestion that motorists should throw their fragments on the far edges of the road is excellent.

## THE NEW TABLE ROUND

IT IS the best possible indication of Europe's intention to turn Geneva into something more useful than a summer resort that anxiety and interest attend the coming reconstruction of the League of Nations. All eyes are fixed on Germany, because what this quickly reviving country expects to accomplish at Geneva is likely to furnish material for argument during some months. Can Berlin enter the Council as that is now organized? It depends upon whether French backing of other national ambitions to acquire seats in this august body can prevail against the blunt antagonism of His Majesty's government. Once again the extra-continental position of England is its fortune. It need not be worried by jumpy nerves in the new countries carved out of the Danube and the Dneister valleys. There is no reason why it should be alarmed by commercial embroglios along the Rhine. Triumphantly identified with the four ends of the earth, it can afford to be magnanimous to a defeated power which is no longer rich in colonies and ships.

But if the Germans win the day and enter the Council on a firm footing, there will be entries in the League's docket which cannot be overlooked. It is evident from an interview granted by Dr. Seipel to the New York Times that the exercise of Reich protection over the German peoples to the south is only—if the sentiment of these peoples is to count—a matter of time. The former Chancellor declared that the matter would not be referred to Geneva until the time was ripe; but it can be promoted in subtle ways which bear the same relation to final diplomatic settlement as the master salesman's chatter bears to the closing of a deal. Since 1920, the nature of this "protection" has been pretty well defined. Few German students of politics expect anything like coalition into a single state, but work towards "federation" as suggested by the program, according to which certain revolutionary groups in the Centre party have tried to organize their strength. It is easy to see what advantages might result from such an arrangement; but obviously they are not designed to promote the kind of Italy which Signor Mussolini has seen in his dreams. Or perhaps the vision is not Mussolini's—who seems, after all, a practical man and an organizer—but rather the property of some one of the rhapsodical theorists who color the earth with extravagances and sometimes with blood.

Just now, most of Europe is placing so much faith in the stability of the League of Nations that what is done in the near future will have its effect upon the morale of long time. This is, whatever criticisms may be directed at it from an American point of view, the first institutional arrangement for the progressive guarantee of peace. Our own present isolation from it is likely to cost us something, at least while we refrain from attempting to organize any similar groupment for the discussion and settlement of international problems.

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## FEAR OF THE UNBORN

THAT "there has never been a time when the problem of population has received more attention than now," is a statement Mr. Louis Dublin prefixes to his recent Atlantic Monthly article, The Fallacious Propaganda for Birth Control. We do not withhold assent to this and to most of what Mr. Dublin, who has earned both bread and laurels as chief statistician for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, devotes to the peculiar variety of hysteria which has been advertised by the Birth Control League. Because a great deal of darkness still shrouds the question of population, an unreasonable and wholly unscientific fear of the unborn has created a stampede. Mr. Dublin would allay this fear. He shows that such evidence as exists does not warrant the belief that the United States will be overcrowded by the year 2000; that science has established the fact "that a natural decline in the native American birth-rate began as early as 1810 and has continued ever since"; and that a careful mathematical study of all the factors operative in maintaining the present population increase proves that this increase is wholly illusory and may come to a sudden, calamitous halt. He urges those "who engage in this propaganda to follow a more constructive program" and realize that the matter of parenthood is not entirely an individual affair. Why? Because "the logical consequence of an attempt to keep the number of our dependents down to a minimum is nothing short of a challenge to the permanence of the state." Birth control has argued a bad case on the basis of insufficient and faulty generalization from random facts. America does not sensibly fear the unborn. It may reasonably be anxious about the vacancies in the ranks of the born.

All of this is eminently valuable, coming as it does from a man who speaks from knowledge of population facts which are not purely theoretical or neurotic. What he says ought to silence a few of the ridiculously talkative. It may stir the consciences of the frivolously egoistic, who use marriage as a convenient façade for journeying to Hollywood undisturbed by servants of the law. It will—in spite of some passages which dodge the ultimate moral issue of marital life—fortify those whose effort to write religious principle into their lives is not modified by the pressure of the modern world. But we do not feel that it will change the large body of opinion which cannot but regard the rearing of children with trepidation. If, for the average man and woman, parenthood is not made an individual affair, it is not likely to be made at all. Patriotism is at best a very weak spur toward assuming obligations which, particularly at the present moment, are bewildering and burdensome. In a country which assumes that home life is of minor consequence, and is legally entitled to destruction whenever a storm brews, the real meaning of childhood is largely dissipated even by the law.

We need, therefore, to face a few facts squarely. First, there is a point in the fact that the birth-rate in England has fallen to the lowest percentage on record; and undoubtedly one of the causes is implied in Father C. C. Martindale's statement that affairs have arrived, sadly enough, at a pass where we must rank "an unwilling mother among the feeble-minded." There is no doubt that the race has been instructed in methods of contraception to a point of alarming and disgusting proficiency. Secondly, the state which has been powerless to quash this insidious education, has also been powerless to stave off the social shambles which balk the ordinary mother's readiness to welcome the adventure of childhood. General prosperity has been fostered to an extent which makes family life in urban surroundings extremely difficult. We have exacted the price of luxuries which are imposed as necessities. We have fattened realtors and crowded the domesticities into a room or two. The very legitimate effort to reduce infant mortality has raised the price of lying-in to the fabulous figure which certain recent investigators found no difficulty in turning into sensational reading matter. Even such an item as certified milk—almost indispensable in cities if the child is to live—makes inroads into the family budget which the average wage-earner cannot ignore. The true function of the state, therefore, is not—as Mr. Dublin seems to suggest—to get on any band-wagon bearing exact numerical figures for the future population, but to do its best to remedy the practical ills of parenthood.

Obviously, a problem which is so closely identified with general social and economic conditions cannot be disposed of by special legislation. Financial premiums for successful motherhood and government bonuses of every sort are too likely to lead towards further officious interference with the affairs of the family circle. The abiding constitutional phrase—"promote the general welfare"—should guarantee rather the adjustment of industrial circumstance to the healthy progress of the home. Nothing else is civically so important.

Law alone, however, cannot recover the bliss of childhood for the empty home. We must revive what may be called "the creative art" of domestic life. We need to admit that it is a false humanism which separates the flowering of love from the practice of love. We need to feel the triumphant joy which lies in the interweaving of generations, of little hearts and great ones. These children are not "numbers" in a future population, or citizens of a state to be. They are the shadows of their forefathers flung by the benevolent light of Divine fantasy, and shall carry on into the future the happy outlines of the present. In a word, we are hungry for Coventry Patmore rather than for Malthus. For in the life-giving view of the "poet of marriage," the emphasis is not placed upon things as vague as society and as impersonal as service, but upon the old, firm reality of affection that has been written into a sacramental bond.

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# INTERNATIONAL PIONEERING

By L. J. S. WOOD

*(The series of lectures on international relations, arranged by the New York Archdiocesan Council of Catholic Women, will necessarily bear a definite relation to the work of world-wide federation which Mr. Wood has summarized for The Commonweal in two authoritative articles.—The Editors.)*

THE highest interests of Christendom are inseparable from harmony among the peoples of the earth. This truth has been stressed so often by the Church that the recent encyclical of the Holy Father may be considered the climax of numerous and continued labors to restore the Divine Kingdom. The practical work of organization to promote the ideals expressed in the encyclical was first brought home to English-speaking men and women through the Catholic meeting at Oxford last summer. It may be of interest to summarize somewhat more definitely than has hitherto been possible the accomplishment of those who took a part in the great endeavor. These notes are concerned with one aspect of the matter in particular, but will give some attention to the general international situation.

First, no thinking man present at the opening reception could fail to be struck by the position now held by Catholics in the university city and the recognition of it shown there—as, indeed, it is now shown by all unbiased people throughout the country. University and city authorities expressed their pleasure in welcoming Catholics assembling in conference—at their head, the first Catholic of the country, Cardinal Bourne, on whom, moreover, the university had, motu proprio, bestowed the not frequently given distinction of D.C.L. honoris causa.

The international character of the assembly was also remarkable. Twenty-five countries were represented there; four other countries wished to take part, but at the last minute were unable to send representatives.

The groups attending the meeting included the annual summer school of the Catholic Social guild, and the annual conference of the International Catholic League. Regarding the former, it is matter for regret to be able to give but this passing mention to an institution which, with the summer school and other activities of which the study circles are the best known, is doing such enormously valuable educative work. The Natural Law, and Psychology and Modern Problems were the two subjects specially listed for expert lecture this year; but the listener at all the meetings could get the benefit of illuminating learned thought on many another present-day problem. The annual conference of the International Catholic League chose for its subject, Nationality, and the opening address was given by Dr. James Ryan of the Catholic University of Washington. Much was said about international Catholic coöperation. This is no new subject. Many people have thought about it, written about it, and worked for it. But it is, I think, safe to say that not until last summer was there laid a solid foundation on the basis of which work may have a chance of rising to achieve success. Not even the most enthusiastic at Oxford will claim that more was done than lay a foundation; but not even the most sceptical could deny that there was good ground for hope of something solidly useful resulting.

The position which the organizers of the meeting had before them was this: There were, in existence, three international organizations working in general for the same end, but in different ways—the International Catholic League, with its seat at Zurig; the Catholic Union of International Studies, of Fribourg, Switzerland; and the International Office of Catholic Organizations, with its seat at Rome. Two years ago a new element of active study and work had been introduced by the formation of the British Catholic Council for International Relations, and this was the real moving body in the recent development. It induced the societies above mentioned to act as official "conveners" of the Oxford conference, sending out on their behalf invitations to the world and getting a very satisfactorily representative response.

Every delegate to the meeting must have asked himself, before starting, the first question on the paper: Is some form of organized Catholic international cooperation desirable? And he must have answered it in the affirmative; otherwise he would not have come. Some representatives, those from the United States, for instance, had to begin by making themselves conversant with the present situation—the work, that is, of the three existing international societies. The chairman, Father Martindale, summarized this with remarkable lucidity and, when asking that a small preliminary committee be appointed to help him in the arrangement of the discussion-program and the consideration of a draft constitution, put in a special plea that one of the nominees of the assembly should be chosen from among the representatives of the United States.

The work of each of the three existing organizations, it was seen, had its own special characteristics. That of the International Catholic League carried on in the face of great difficulties by the self-sacrificing efforts of a few devoted Catholics, and expressed mainly in annual conferences, had been largely on the lines of existing Catholic Social guild organizations. The Fribourg Union is a society of experts, including many learned French scholars and thinkers, studying

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great problems of the day from the point of view of Catholic doctrine. It specializes on problems which are or may come under the consideration of the League of Nations. The Rome office has done most valuable statistical and intercommunication work; its International Handbook of Catholic Societies is an invaluable reference volume in five languages.

That these three should agree to combine in the proposed international body was not only natural but necessary, if anything was to be done at all. Nor was it unnatural that the Fribourg Union should claim and receive a special place as regards its special work. This work, it was agreed, should continue to be carried on from the Fribourg centre, and unanimous consent was given to the proposal that the headquarters of the proposed confederation should be established at the already existing and functioning international office of Catholic organizations in Rome.

But the problem of the union of existing societies was only a preliminary; it was not the main basic idea of the project of international coöperation. This, as its name implies—for "international" in this connection does not in the least mean "sopranational"—is based on nations.

The idea that was put before the gathering and welcomed by it was that the component parts of the organization, called provisionally in the handy universal language, Confoederatio Internationalis Catholica, should be national Catholic groups which must have these necessary qualifications: They must be representative of Catholics and Catholic organizations in the country; they must be completely independent of any political party; and they must be recognized by ecclesiastical authority. These groups, or whatever they may be called, would be the component parts of the proposed confederation, but each would retain its own autonomy. They, in fact, are the organization.

In the draft constitution drawn up at Oxford, place was found, and justly, for representatives of the three European societies which had already done international work. Those at Oxford paid a tribute to the work done and hoped to profit from the experience gained. But the national is the foundation of the international. The Fribourg Union, it has been seen for instance, claimed a measure of independence in view of the special character of its work. If, later on, it or another of the three were to say that it preferred not to merge itself, but to dissociate itself, and work in complete independence, that would not in the least impede the formation and development of the International Confoederatio.

A decision had to be taken as to the place of the headquarters secretariat of the new organization—at any rate, provisionally during further consideration of the constitution to be submitted for definite approval by a general meeting next year. For this Rome was chosen, and for two reasons—because it is the obvious residence of an international Catholic body; and because there is already existing there the International Office of Catholic Organizations—from its nature, work already done, and accumulated statistical information, a ready-made intercommunicatory centre. The immediate work of the secretariat, the preparation of the constitution to be submitted for definite approval, will be in the hands of the present director of the office, Dr. Monti, with two immediate assistants and a committee formed of one member of each of the other two societies, and nine members of different nationalities.

While this committee is working, Catholics in different nations will have time to consider the project. Thoughtful non-Catholics also may be interested. There are two points worth remembering: First, there is no intention of rushing things—"festina lente," was the authoritative word at Oxford. Second, what is being done at present is mainly study—immediate and violent action to revolutionize the world in any direction is not contemplated. A third point goes without saying—Catholics will submit any scheme of organization for approval to ecclesiastical authority; if international, they will submit it to the highest authority.

That said, one may ask oneself: "What useful work does this proposed organization hope to do?" And "useful," as a sincere Catholic interprets the word, means not only to Catholics but to the world. With this question a second article will deal.

## *"Unto the Least of These"*

The earth is full of children's song—
  Like summer wind through fields of grain
It ripples happily along
  With heavenward refrain—

But underneath its lilting chime
I hear soft sobbing all the time.

Gay children every day I meet
  Homeward or schoolward bound, whose glance
Illuminates the sombre street
  Like April's green advance—

But ever shadowing them I see
Another, walking wearily.

I watch the merry groups at play,
  Ruddy and strong from sun and air,
Their laughter makes December May,
  For joy is monarch there—

But, oh, the wistful one that stands
Outside with piteous demands!

And as I kneel beside the bed
  Where safely sleeps my little child,
Rosy and warm and comforted,
  On whose life love has smiled—

I hear above the city's roar
The Christ-Child tapping at my door.

ANNE LLOYD.

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# THE MIDDLE-CLASS
## A PLEA FOR SELF-CONCEIT

By HENRY LONGAN STUART

THIRTY or even twenty years ago, the thought that America would find itself with a class upon its hands in any way reproducing the "poor gentlefolk" of Europe, would have seemed an absurdity. The respect which surrounded work of any sort was as yet intact. The humble origins of great wealth rebuked any attempt at social snobbery. The lowest rungs of the social ladder felt the thrill that came from the feet of men who were near the top. There were classes, but no castes. When all the hard things that can be said about the dollar standard have been said, the fact remains it is far easier to become rich than to become rare. Nothing keeps society more fluid than the absence of any social category which a young man, at the expense of a certain number of years of self-denial, may not hope to attain. No matter how far away and narrow the outlet, the mere fact that it exists tends to keep the crowd in healthy movement. Passers-on are comparatively careless of an environment that would be extremely unpleasant if felt as likely to be permanent. It is this constant movement that has earned American contacts in the near past the reputation of being fortuitous and superficial affairs, and which convinced novelists such as Henry James, whose business was the observation of intimate reactions of one human being on another, that the thing could not be done in America.

The disadvantage about such a social theory is that it was bound to work hardship, not only on individual temperaments but on whole categories of individuals. Culture always has a selective effect. It withdraws from the communal task a certain number of men and women who, if its message had never reached them, would have been content to take lot and shot with their fellows. Culture is static. By making the world a far more interesting place to contemplate and comment upon, it makes it a less grateful place to work in. How much of what the world considers success is due to a conscious renunciation of the aesthetic impulse will never be known. It is only occasionally, as when a millionaire dies leaving the whole of a fortune to something in which his interest was a personal secret, that it receives a dramatic demonstration.

For one man or woman who deliberately and of set purpose achieves material success at the expense of finer feelings, there are probably a hundred who, in trying to make the best of two worlds, manage to succeed in neither. These people have neither the talent to make the things they care for most the material of a livelihood, nor the resolution to bury them out of sight, and keep them for private delectation. It is because an article by Mrs. Katherine Fullerton Gerrould, one of the best of our native essayists, voices a jeremiad over the fate of this class, and because it is bound to grow larger as education spreads, that it is worth more than passing attention. Mrs. Gerrould sees a class whom she prefers to term the "genteel" disappearing between a world which is rapidly becoming divided by two materialistic groups—the rich and the rich working class. The genteel, who have never been rich, but who have grown used to being more or less looked up to on account of their culture and pleasant manners, are waking to the very insecure tenure of their social rank. They perceive that a pushing, hurried world has hardly time to know that they are "different." They see themselves, says Mrs. Gerrould, "despised by people they never before had to pay attention to: they spend their days between snobbishness and self-distrust. Since snobbishness cannot endure in America without a bank account to back it, self-distrust possesses them at the end." It is a dismal picture, and it is worth pausing a moment while we examine, first, what exactly were the roots of the esteem which is passing from this meritorious class; and secondly, from whence comes the blighting wind that blows upon it today.

We are very fond of calling this a practical age. But, as a matter of fact, it is no more practical than any which has passed into history. In every age, the figure that commands respect is the one which can secure the service of his fellow men. In a warlike age, it was the feudal lord who could assemble most men in the shortest time who was the most highly thought of. In an age of religious strife, the man who could sway the beliefs and loyalties of men enjoyed great social consideration. In an age when law and order were evolving themselves, it has been the lawyer, with the might of the law behind him, or the politician who could deliver the vote which made the law. In an age of material enterprise, it is inevitably the man who can make things and get things distributed.

We may go further still. In an age which worships effectiveness and the money effectiveness procures, but whose respect is quite unbounded by tradition—an age where everything human and divine is coming up for re-appraisal and re-accounting—it will be the man most master of his environment, be he millionaire or cracksman, poet or pugilist, trust-builder or tramp.

Up to quite a recent period, the process that was transforming society was not so clear as it is today.

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It often happens so. Rich men—arrived men—grow conservative; and, being conservative, they conceal the current that has carried them to success by harking back to outworn fashions. It is generally in the terms of things that seemed good to him when he was on his way up, that the wealthy man sees the possibilities placed in his hands by money. Thus, in nineteenth-century England, the rich manufacturer put his money into land, into a title, into portions that would allow his daughters to marry into the landed gentry. These were the things which earned respect—which marked off gentle from simple in his days of stress. He liked to make them the symbols of his accomplishment.

In a country such as America, where land, within the memory of men still living, has been to be had for the fencing and clearing, land (save in the South, and when slavery allowed it to be exploited like some great open-air factory) has never implied social position. But education and culture always have. Men who had even a little money laid by thought an education for their children a good investment. Even those who were poor went to great sacrifice to put their sons to school and university. And gradually, as things are always considered in proportion to what they cost, an immense respect grew up for the educated man or woman, quite apart from what the results might be likely to be in material reward. Education may not have meant money, but it meant power, self-respect, and the respect of others. Plain living was a necessity. But high thinking was a distinction. The doctor, the lawyer, the minister, and the author were very great personages 150 years ago. There are families today, the mere sound of whose name, because it is associated with this respect for knowledge, invests descendants who bear it with a sort of nebulous and borrowed social value all its own.

The trouble with the descendants of this sane, balanced and deserving class, where they have not issued from mediocrity to riches, is that their appeal to imagination is very slight. Their very dependability betrays them. Their language and habits of thought do not adapt them to colorful presentation. The defenses which they have erected against tragedy become so many obstacles to our interest. Their citizenship is so good that as personalities, they tend to disappear beneath it. It is not in the mutual tolerance which the "genteel" exercise so well, as in the sharp moments when it is suspended, that drama lurks. The New York Times, in its comment upon the Harper article, puts the case very well when it tells us that "the state of being in the middle of everything does not excite the admiration of present-day society. We bow before extremes. . . . Our devotion is for the very rich, the very poor, the swiftest runner, the greatest criminal—not for the unspectacular mean."

If we turn to literature for its reflections of current modes of thought, it will be easy to multiply instances of this new contempt for the class that has contributed to so much good fiction in the past. Mr. Sherwood Anderson is one among recent writers who has done a great deal to further it. "I guess I know where I studied life. You can have your universities for me." In Dark Laughter we are given a newspaper man who breaks away from respectability and white-collardom to find the zest for life of which he is balked as handworker in a factory and boon companion of a drunken and disreputable little comrade. Mr. D. H. Lawrence in his Lost Girl, gives us a story of a woman's growing distaste for the inhibitions of the class into which she was born—her realization of her true nature as the submissive wife of an unlettered Italian peasant. In Mr. Waldo Frank's last novel, the process of disillusionment is carried still further. A young white girl, sick of the respect and protection that has surrounded her in a small southern town, seeks her affinity in the Negro quarter. In The Great Gatsby, Mr. Scott Fitzgerald presents the other end of the scale—the life of a colony of rich wasters on Long Island, from whose pursuits and speech all but a thin veneer of the culture they have inherited is excluded. In history and biography the same obsession reigns. There is a new vogue away from the "genteel"—a new interest in the rascals, pandars, tramps, hoboes and demi-mondaines whom reputable history has hitherto kept in its footnotes. "We don't accept," says Mr. Stuart Sherman, in summing up the situation, "the code of the society of gentlemen. We haven't the means to keep it up. We work with our hands, we pay our way, we struggle for existence, men and women together, in a hard fight where courtesy and chivalry are impediments to survival, and the behavior of a lady is regarded as affectation and the honor of a gentleman as an old-fashioned piece of snobbishness. We have broken the molds."

If ever the mold is restored and if ever the class to which Mrs. Gerrould has applied so unfortunate a name emerges from its present plight, the change will come from a resolute awakening to the fact that it is a class with a function all its own, and not a mere category limited on the one side by its dislikes and on the other by its disabilities. At present it seems to be a class adrift. One hears jeremiads aplenty (Mrs. Gerrould's is only the last) as to its loss of social consideration, but no hint that social consideration, unless it comes from those who are our kin by training and ideals, and who are in no doubt as to our worldly circumstances, is simply not worth having. One hears many lament that what Mr. Sinclair Lewis terms the "holy simplicities" of life are being put out of its reach, but looks in vain for any corporate attempt to create the demand that would procure a supply of them.

In his life of his great brother, Mr. William Michael Rossetti recalls the evenings spent round the modest parental hearth where poets, fellow professors, and patriots, whose rank ranged from prince to image seller, met nightly to prophesy United Italy, and dis-

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course on Dante, sustained by a common ideal that obliterated caste. He remembers that the refreshment furnished them by their frugal hostess was invariably thick bread-and-butter and coffee, and takes occasion to remark that the Rossettis were untouched by the spirit of "keeping up appearances" which was the bane of the England of his youth (the eighteen thirties'). The evil is at least as old as that. It is raging in America in particularly virulent form today or else authors, editors, producers, and advertisers are in a conspiracy to mislead. It is idle to expect a class to be taken seriously when neither in the books it reads, the plays it favors, nor the forms it lets its diversions take is there any evidence that it considers itself interesting. A little of the "guid conceit of oursels" which the Scotch preacher prayed heaven to send upon his congregation, would be no bad thing at the present crisis.

Are we all such dull dogs—between Park Avenue and the East Side, Park Lane and Limehouse? "Being mechanical," may we no longer walk upon and between the boards of stage or novel? Far more dangerous to the peace of mind and persistence of the people whom Mrs. Gerrould shows us besieged from above and below—by wage-fixers as well as by price-fixers, is our own self-depreciation, our own subscription to sham ideals which are just as tawdry when gratified at the cost of hundreds as of millions of dollars. The worth of a class—its "valor" (to use the Roman phrase with which Premier Baldwin has lately been familiarizing the British public) is best known by the things from which it refrains, and a man is still master of that which he despises from his heart.

# ON CHARLATANS

By HILAIRE BELLOC

IT HAS happened to me some few dozen times in my life to be called a charlatan. I myself am chary of that expression. I do not remember ever having applied it to others. The reason I have not done so is not that I wish to spare their feelings (God forbid!) but that I think it very difficult to establish the evidence by which you may prove a man a charlatan. It is easy enough to see whether he is proud; fairly easy to see whether he is lying; but not very easy to discover whether he is making a pretense to the possession of certain learning which he does not possess.

A charlatan is by definition a person who professes to cure a disease, or to discuss an authority, or to describe a place, while, in fact, he knows nothing of the disease or its cure, or of medicine in general; has no acquaintance with that authority; has never seen the place which he confidently describes.

I say it is very difficult to make certain whether a man with whom you are quarreling is as ignorant as you believe him to be. No doubt all men pretend to a greater knowledge than they have. Perhaps I ought to be more accurate and say "tend to pretend"—but, after all, "tend to pretend" is a silly, rhyming sentence. Those of us who believe in the fall of man take it for granted that men will always be doing things rather worse than they might and are usually acting from bad motives; I am of these, and I say, therefore, that every man tends to pretend (there it is again!) to greater knowledge than he has; and, indeed, to greater wealth, or lineage or any other honorific thing; and most men not only feel the temptation but, also, often yield to it.

The trouble is that you can never be plumb certain that, in the particular case you are dealing with, falsehood is at work; and if you strike a snag it is you that will look a fool instead of the man you attacked.

Men of a highly distinct and specialized kind—professors and politicians—are particularly given to calling the average man outside their clique a charlatan when he trespasses upon their preserves; and I have noticed that such men, making a rash accusation, continually strike snags of the most formidable type which rip the bottom right out of their boat and sink it.

I remember how more than thirty years ago, at Oxford, a young undergraduate proposed to read an economic paper in opposition to the socialism which was so fashionable in that day. One of the great guns of the fashionable socialism of that day came down to sneer at him (the man has since become a professional politician). The undergraduate read his paper —which was a poor and bad one. The big-wig duly sneered in his reply and particularly sneered at the term "usury," of which, he, the big-wig, knew nothing, and of which he naturally imagined that no one else knew anything; for he thought "usury" to be a mere superstitious word, connected in some way with the empty nonsense of a time long past, in which great men like himself did not exist. Then did that undergraduate rise and smite him most abominably, quoting and expounding Aristotle, expanding the decree of the Fourth Lateran Council, distinguishing between real and hypothetical anticipatory purchase of gain, and, in general, directing so devastating a fire of missiles wholly new, that the big-wig fell back in disorder, and retired beneath the guns of Ath. (If you are unacquainted with this phrase, know that it was used by him so amiably called "the Butcher"—that is, the Duke of Cumberland—after Fontenoy, and signifies, "anywhere for a little peace!")

Then there is the classical story (to the truth of which I cannot bear witness for I have only heard it

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repeated) of the undergraduate and the head of his college—it was my own college. The head of his college had tortured the undergraduate with sneers at the breakfast table—easy game. But the undergraduate (who was also a freshman, and wore absurdly large spectacles and was a measly specimen anyhow) piped up in a squeaky voice and said: "Master, have you ever read Malvanius De Negotiâ Infamâ?" and the master said sternly: "No, I have not." Then, said the undergraduate: "Have you got in the library a translation of Azra-Eddin; for I cannot read the Arabic;" and the master, glaring at him, said: "I don't know." Then said the undergraduate, after swallowing a piece of egg: "Master, is the original manuscript of Vathek, I mean the French original, in existence?" To this the master answered savagely: "How should I know?" and the little man replied: "How, indeed!" For this he was sent down, but only to the end of term. This repartee on the part of the master saved him (or, rather, his father) about £70; and, really, a term lost in one's first year doesn't count. But when the festival was being organized on the night before his departure, someone said to this hero (for he had become a hero) said to him with admiration in his eyes: "Where did you get the names of those books?" To which the squeaky one answered: "Vathek is all right, I read about him coming up in the train; but the other two I made up."

He, then, you see, was a charlatan. But if the master had gambled on his being a charlatan, and tried to expose him, instead of boldly sending him down, he might have come a horrid cropper. It was like the three card trick. As like as not the master would have challenged the remark about Vathek—though it was perfectly sound, for Vathek was, indeed, written originally in French.

I repeat, it is frightfully dangerous to take for granted that a man in one's own field of expert knowledge, but not possessing one's own credentials, is a charlatan.

I have been following a very interesting controversy of this sort lately in a learned review. An expert (a duly hall-marked and branded professor) challenged as a charlatan a layman who had quoted a mediaeval document. He said that the document did not exist. He said it in good faith, not knowing that it was merely a question of names. He said: "This fellow quotes the Chronicle of So-and-so for a year long after So-and-so was dead." The professor did not know that the chronicle, though its name was taken from the name of a writer, went on long after the writer's death. It was as though a French commercial traveler, hearing a man quote Hansard and having found in the encyclopedia that the original Hansard was long dead, should triumphantly rebuke his opponent, saying to him: "You cannot have read it in Hansard; because Hansard died a long time before this particular debate took place."

The layman easily got the better of the professor because he had really read up his original authorities, which professors hardly ever do—being over-worked men who can get all they want out of other professors' books and who only have to teach young people who generally possess not the least reading.

I say again and for the fifteenth time: "Don't attack a man on the score of charlatanry; it is a dangerous game."

"What, then," you ask me, "should I do? I dislike this man's opinions, I want to make him ridiculous, I find in his work a misprint (as I think it) or a slip of the pen. If I am not to attack him as a charlatan who pretends to knowledge he has not got, what other nasty jab can I give him?"

I will tell you how to proceed. Write him a letter asking his opinion on the date of a poem of Keats you have written (if he be a literature pedant) or on a passage in some document (if he be a history pedant) or on a classical passage (if he be a Latin and Greek pedant)—but these are more dangerous, for they often really are learned—or on a discovery of fossils, if he be a biology pedant, and such are the best sport of all. But take care that the poem, passage, or fossil does not exist. He will answer. He will fall into the trap. Respectfully follow up. Get half a dozen letters from him abounding in comment on the absurd fraud. Then publish the correspondence. You will find that it is great fun!

I knew a man once who wrote (from Germany) to a professor and said: "Can you tell me why the facial angle of the Engletheim skull is so high as 84 degrees odd, though the type is Dolicocephalic and the cranial capacity only .792 of Pfeiffer index?" To this he got a reply saying that a high facial angle did not necessarily imply a large cranial capacity. So far so good, and the professor was on firm ground. I've known many a Cretin with a pushed-in face—that is, with a very high facial angle.

But the professor went further and fared worse. He added: "I have only a cursory acquaintance with Pfeiffer's theory and I cannot test the soundness of his unit; moreover, I have never seen the measurements of the Engletheim skull, though I have no doubt your figure as quoted, is correct." You see, the poor fool had given himself away—he had implied some slight knowledge of dear old Pfeiffer and had at least acknowledged and bowed to the Engletheim skull. Now there are no such people or things. There is no Pfeiffer, no Engletheim skull. The hunter plied him with letters. The quarry answered with others, falling deeper and deeper into the snare. By the sixth letter, the professor was talking of Pfeiffer as an old authority and quoting casts of the Engletheim skull. By the tenth he was writing full criticisms of Pfeiffer and had produced a fanaticism on the imaginary bone.

Then did his persecutor publish.

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# AN EDITOR'S PROGRESS

## III. THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF REFORM

By A. R. ORAGE

IF MEN were intelligent would they not say that the most important thing practically in life is money? This is not, of course, to rank money above health or virtue or happiness; but only as the supreme value among material means; and it is naturally first among means since it is convertible into any or all of them. Nevertheless, as much as men love and realize the value of money, not more than one person in a million—and this is even a generous estimate—either knows or cares where money actually comes from, how it is actually made, what it is actually composed of, or what forces actually regulate its circulation and amount. Nearly every Labor, Socialist, social and international dispute during the last few centuries has been about money; yet scarcely a soul in any class or community is concerned to know what money is. Professors and bankers are given credit for understanding the mysteries of the subject, though it is quite certain that their ignorance is only greater than that of the general public; in short, their ignorance has been specially cultivated. And, in any case, to leave to interested persons the sole discretionary control of a matter so universally vital as money is to gamble our lives on dangerous odds.

One of the first things to which Douglas drew attention was the difference between real and financial credit. Place a wet towel round your head and consider the following: A community has all the actual means necessary to production—land, raw materials, factories, machinery, power, skill, organization, and labor. A year or two ago this selfsame plant was turning out goods at an enormous rate; and there is no obvious reason why it should not have continued. Yet today the whole of this plant is virtually idle, including, of course, the labor which is now said to be "unemployed." What has happened to stop the wheels? Plainly not a breakdown of the productive system, since tomorrow it could be set in motion again without the smallest difficulty. All that has happened, as we know, is that "orders" have ceased to come in; in other words, demand has ceased. But why has demand ceased? Certainly it is not because the products in question are no longer actually needed. Demand has been satiated, perhaps, but not real need or appetite. No, the truth is that need has ceased to have money in its pocket, with the result that it is no longer what is called effective demand. But why, again, has it no money? Why is money at one time plentiful and at another time scarce? Productive capacity certainly does not jump up and down every month. On the contrary, the world's productive capacity steadily and rapidly increases practically daily. The productive capacity of any modern industrial community is hundreds of times today what it was a century or even fifty years ago; and with every new invention it increases. Emphatically, then, it is not the case that the variations of money circulation are due to variations of productive capacity. They not only move independently of the latter, but are scarcely related to production at all. The production of goods depends, it is obvious, on the factors named; but the production of money depends on factors over which the production of goods has little or no control. This discrepancy between goods and money, between productivity and currency, is the difference between real credit and financial credit. Real credit rests on real factors—materials, power, and labor; financial credit rests, in the ultimate, upon one thing and one thing only—gold.

It is an astonishing phenomenon that is presented to the mind as it realizes the place and power of this metallic element in modern life. We see very little of it in circulation; yet secretly it controls the quantity in circulation of every other form of purchasing power. Move a hundred millions of gold from England to America or America to England, and the effect on both countries will be startling. The importing country will experience an immediate increase in the circulation of every other form of currency; while in the exporting country, every other form of money will at once begin to diminish in quantity. Prices in both countries will be equally affected, but in opposite directions. Various other phenomena of universal importance are accounted for by the vicissitudes of this strange metal; but the only thing that for the moment concerns us is its control by factors outside the directly productive system. In a word, if the ownership of the means of direct production is in the hands of capitalists, the real control still lies with money whose ultimate ownership is vested in the financial and not in the productive system.

Major Douglas, however, was anything but one of the usual money-cranks. Heavens, after thirty years of public life I think I recognize a crank at sight! He had no such absurd notion as demonetizing gold or denouncing the financiers, or nationalizing banks. His constructive proposals, when they came to be clearly formulated, concerned mainly the only practically important question asked by every consumer—the question of price; and beyond a change in our present price-fixing system, there is in his proposals nothing remotely revolutionary. For the rest, everything would go on as now. There would be no expropriation of anybody,

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no new taxes, no change of management in industry, no new political party; no change, in fact, in the status or privileges of any of the existing factors of industry. Absolutely nothing else would be changed but prices.

But what a change would be there! Major Douglas's calm assumption is that from tomorrow morning, as the shops open, the prices of all retail articles could be marked down by at least a half and thereafter progressively reduced, say, every quarter—and not only without bankrupting anybody, but at an increasing profit to everybody without exception. Absolutely nobody need suffer that everybody should be gratified. All that would happen to anybody is that the purchasing power of whatever money they have would be doubled tomorrow and thereafter continuously increased.

Not to put too great a strain upon credulity or suspense, I may explain here that the principle of the proposal is perfectly simple; and it consists in this—that prices ought to fall as our communal powers of production increase. Let me illustrate: Imagine a theatre whose seating capacity doubles every year—ought not the prices to be halved every year? If that is not natural for a single theatre, imagine that every theatre automatically grew in capacity—would it not appear strange if at the same time its prices of admission rose? Yet the latter is precisely what takes place in industry today. As fast as a nation's productive capacity increases, its prices rise, with the absurd consequence that the wealthier the nation is in resources the more difficult is it for its members to utilize them. Major Douglas's proposal was simply to regulate price by productivity; by relation, that is, to supply. Since price is, strictly speaking, only the regulator between supply and demand, its reference to supply is perfectly logical. And if it is more than true that our present potential supply is twice our present demand, it stands to reason that halving existing retail prices would begin to equalize matters by doubling effective demand.

My first reaction to the astonishing proposal to "sell goods under cost"—and not merely as a temporary expedient but permanently and progressively—convinces me, as I look back upon it, of the utter impracticability of the suggestion. Not only its first shock must be fatal in the majority of cases to any further interest in the "crank" who could propose it; but the time and thought and labor necessary to understand and appreciate it are beyond the command of more than a very few. In short, I am as much convinced that the suggestion will never be put into practice, as a result of reason, as I am that reason would, nevertheless, dictate that it should be. The world has not free brain enough to comprehend the simple cure for all its economic ills.

I certainly worked hard enough to satisfy any possible doubt I may have entertained. For three years, in the closest working association with Major Douglas, the New Age week by week labored to expound, explain, simplify, and illustrate the theses upon which the practical scheme rests. There was organized a Credit Reform league with branches all over the country. Major Douglas gave up his profession of engineer during these years to be at the service of the cause. We saw everybody we could and did our best to see everybody we should. The national situation from the conclusion of peace was plainly going from bad to worse. In short, if there ever was a time when a novel, non-revolutionary, simple, and effective scheme of reform might hope to command a reasonable hearing, the period following the peace was that time for England. To say that we had no success would be untrue. The idea is more alive than ever in England at this moment. But for any practical result, search might be made with a microscope without result.

The conclusion my mind inevitably reached after these experiences was that reform in any drastic sense is impossible. Douglas, to the best of my best consideration, has got to the very bottom of economics. There are literally no more insoluble or even doubtful problems in the whole range of economics; and this, needless to say, includes the daughter "science" of politics. Everything is as clear as daylight in the light cast by Douglas's analysis of the nature and rôle of finance. At the same time, his analysis did not leave the situation hopeless theoretically; it was only hopeless practically. The Douglas positive proposals were as impeccable as his analysis; only they could not be carried into effect owing to the stupidity of the community that needed them. What was I to do? I was again at an impasse. The first arose on account of the combination of interests against us; but this second was worse, since the combination against us was unconscious and irremediable. There was nothing to be done but to die with the New Age or to hand it over to a fresher soul. After fifteen years of editorship I sold out and left England.

## *Futility*

I have to dress you in your shroud,
(A crude device, by no means new)
And look on you who are so proud,
To worms consigned, to ashes bowed,
To keep my heart from loving you.

I have to call your faults by roll,
(Who once had sought to find them few)
To scrutinize your flaws of soul,
Then memorize and cite the whole,
To keep myself from wanting you.

And when I painfully have taught
My mind to scorn you and forget,
I look upon the thing I've wrought
So futilely. It comes to naught.
I love you and I want you yet.

SISTER M. MADELEVA.

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# TWILIGHT OF THE HIGHER CRITICS

By JOHN-MARY SIMON

POOR old Bible! Pieces, fragments, splinters—to such débris had the whole of sacred Scripture, from Genesis even unto the Apocalypse, been demolished only a few years ago. Learned philologists had applied to the corpus biblicum scalpels originally whetted for Homer and the other ancient classic texts. And when Harnack, Bauer, Loisy, Haupt, Steuernagel, and their ilk had finished, the Bible was finished too. Vanished into dust before the wind of their mighty words, was that printing press cornerstone upon which the original Protestants had claimed to found their faith without works. Babel und Bibel raised a babble which bid fair to rival the confusion and ruin of its ancestral occasion.

First of these literary wrecking crews were the "textual critics." Their proper function was to restore the primitive text of sacred Scripture, largely by eliminating material errors or changes which had been introduced by generations of successive copyists. But, not content with brushing away the literary sand and dust which through centuries and even millenia of time had accumulated about the mighty pillars and stones that constitute the magnificent temple of sacred Scripture, some of those over-zealous workmen began prying into the well-joined crevices in order to wedge out not a few of the stones themselves, on the plea that the building would thus look more smooth and finished. They would have reduced the massive pylones of Egypt and the rugged stages of a Babylonian ziggurat to the smooth smugness of a California bungalow—never dreaming that, perhaps, the oddities and unevennesses they objected to might be the surest indications of the original architect's design.

And then, "quod non fecerunt barbari, fecerunt Barberini." For, next came the "higher critics," who did for the Bible what their lineal descendants, the quack psychoanalysts of today, would wish to do for the soul. Both dissolve their subject into a mass of tendencies. The higher critics snorted in superior contempt upon seeing the clumsy handiwork of their predecessors. Those had not done their work half thoroughly enough. They had still left whole the stones into which they had broken up the original temple. In fact, entire architectural units of the primitive edifice still remained practically intact, because the poor textual critics, working closer to facts, at least sometimes had the honesty to admit that their manuscript evidence unmistakably pointed to authenticity.

But, what was a bit of manuscript evidence between higher critics? Nothing at all to worry about. In fact, their processes, being quite independent of texts, left them much larger liberty of investigation—and destruction. What the original hagiographers wrote concerned them little. It was what some astute subsequent pro-Deuteronomic or pro-Messianic or pro-Pauline redactor had done with the insignificant contents of the scraps of original papyrus, that the higher critics knew all about. Conan Doyle's fictional detective's exploits were but awkward amateurisms compared to their feats of keen deduction. Where he might have plausibly inferred yesterday's bushiness of the murderer's whiskers from the length of a discarded cigarette stub, they could infallibly establish from a single word the whole political platform of a gentleman designated cryptically as P-r, who lived millenia ago. Like Sherlock Holmes's, theirs was very clever work, and tickled the ears of the groundlings. But, unlike Conan Doyle, they could not confine their interesting conclusions to the realm of fiction or, at best, theory (nowadays the boundaries of the two are often not definitely distinguished) where most of them properly belong. Instead, they dogmatically insisted "ex cathedris lectoralibus" that their fine-spun elucubrations be applied to real life. It has never been reported that Scotland Yard uses Conan Doyle's mystery novels as a textbook for criminal investigations. But the higher critics forced their almost equally imaginative works to monopolize the duty of teaching eager students how to value and interpret the inspired pages of Holy Writ.

As the makers of movie thrillers have chiefly two stereotyped lines of hokum, male and female—so the remakers of the Bible have two much-overworked tricks of the trade, sources and redactors. Just how the discovery that a hagiographer made use of several documents or sources in compiling his book, should invalidate the historical veracity of that book, is not clear. The safest histories are written by those who consult original sources. But, it is the redactors who are the perennial "dii ex machina" of the higher critics. Every time some new statement points uncomfortably close to the historic or the supernatural character of a biblical book, a new redactor is sprung on the scene. Often there seem to have been as many of them tinkering about a book of the Scripture as there are union carpenters a-building the above-mentioned California bungalow. Modern scriptural students can toss about their queer names, J-e, J-i, P-1, P-2, Deutero-Isaiah, Trito-Isaiah, with the same glibness that the flapper mouths the names of her favorite movie stars—and with about the same usefulness, as far as practical valuation of the Bible is concerned.

And just as there is noticeable a monotonous sameness in the vapid faces of the movie idols, so the reflective scriptural student will soon remark a vaguely familiar similarity of character in the persons or men-

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tality of the redactors, shadowy as they may be. Perhaps even brain children take after their fathers. Anyhow, most of the redactors, on broad examination, bear an astounding likeness to their discoverers (or, better, creators). Were one still to believe in metempsychosis or the Buddhistic transmigration of souls, one would surely say that the mind nowadays inhabiting the body of a higher critic was ages ago incarnate in some redactor. At least, a higher critic would have made an excellent redactor. In fact, some of the redactorial jobs postulated could have been perpetrated only through the combination of microscopic brilliancy in details with myopic inadvertence to broad outlines, which seems so characteristic of many a higher critic.

But, it is not the purpose of this paper to refute the extravagancies of the last lustrum of biblical study. That has been done superabundantly by others. However, false theories are generally sprung with such dazzling glare of publicity that even after their utter confutation it generally takes the world at large years of blinking disillusionment to realize they are really out. Thus for years the conjectures of the critics were blatantly acclaimed as facts. On this assumption the Bible was declared to be exposed as a conglomerate of not particularly clever forgeries, practically devoid of any historic and, "a fortiori," of any supernatural value. The members of the Church who pointed to the exaggerations and other intrinsic defects of these theories, were promptly railed at as obscurantist conservatives. Outside the Church it became old-fashioned to believe in an inspired or even historic Bible.

On the other hand, all this agitation roused the activity of scriptural students in a field of Bible study which had lain rather fallow since the sixteenth-century dogmatists had taken the Bible as the be-all and end-all of religion. This is the field of scriptural origins in the natural plane. Increased attention was given to the study of ancient Oriental languages. Above all, the services of archaeology were impressed to throw light on the times and customs and records of biblical peoples and their contemporaries. The tombs of Egypt, the ruins of Assyria and Babylonia, the refuse heaps of border and villages, even the lumber rooms of antique synagogs, were ransacked to find evidence.

Perhaps by some, these diligent investigations were undertaken in the hope that they might verify extravagant critical theories. If so, they were disappointed. For, far from discrediting the authenticity and substantial integrity of the Sacred Books, archaeological testimonies have but shown the futility of the critics' theorizing and established the common-sense tenets of the Church in this matter. Indeed, the very stones which the scientist's pick turned up in order to build a foundation for the critic's destructive preconceptions, have cried out in witness to the historic verity of God's written Word.

The practical insufficiency or exaggeration of destructive hypercritical theories has been demonstrated so clearly by recent biblical research that even popular periodicals have announced the twilight of the higher critics. Thus Frederick Van de Water, reviewing the light thrown on the New Testament by recent research, avows, in the Saturday Evening Post of May 30, 1925:

> Scientists have doubted and questioned. Year by year the volume of this doubt and criticism has grown until recently, when the discoveries of science refuted the scepticism of the scientist. Science believed in discerned innumerable weaknesses and impossibilities in the eight authors' testimony. The higher critics gradually constructed an imposing edifice of indictments against its authenticity, against even its probability.
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> Then the science that had been sceptic was faced suddenly by a startling series of new discoveries, and in consequence, the whole structure of higher criticism totters today and threatens collapse, while the writings of the eight authors of the New Testament have been justified and confirmed.

The true scientific investigator is ever timid, even hesitant, in advancing new theories, wishing each step forward to have the solid footing of facts. On the other hand, he is generally open-minded toward theories advanced by others. Even if they seem hazardous to him, he will tolerate them in the hope of finding in even absurd propositions some new phase of truth—as the diamond seeker might search in a pile of rubbish. Consequently, as far as the Church is concerned, it is not surprising that her students of sacred Scripture are still largely occupied with examining and refuting the theories of higher critics whose works before the world are already becoming unreadable in their twilight. For, as Chesterton so pithily put it, "the Church cannot change quite so fast as the charges against her do. She is sometimes caught napping and still disproving what was said about her on Monday, to the neglect of the completely contrary thing that is said about her on Tuesday. She does sometimes live pathetically in the past, to the extent of innocently supposing that the modern thinker may think today what he thought yesterday."

Has anything of permanent value resulted from the last century's emphasis on the critical phase of scriptural study? Yes, considerable. First of all, exaggerated qualities and functions ascribed to the Bible by the sixteenth-century innovators, have been rather drastically eliminated by those who inherited the prophet's mantle of their teachings. It is no longer dogmatically pronounced as an undeniable assumption that the Bible is a book whose true and full meaning is obvious to all mankind, even to the butcher and baker and phonograph-maker.

On the positive side, the substantial authenticity and historic veracity in the natural order which the Church has ever maintained for the sacred Scriptures as the necessary basis of their supernatural character, has been brought out more emphatically than ever by the keen searchlights of critical investigations.

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# COMMUNICATIONS

## THE IRISH FOUNDERS

Holy Cross, Mass.

TO the Editor:—The generous space which you accorded in a recent number of The Commonweal to Volume XXIV of the American Irish Historical Society is a judicious and eloquent tribute to the scholarship of those historiographers and to the American worth of their revealed researches. Both your leading editorial and the keen review of the volume by Mr. Stuart will awaken interest in those chapters of American history, and, perhaps, dispel to some extent the shrug-shoulder apathy of Irish-named Americans themselves, who are content to imagine that the Irish influx to our shores began in the famine days of the 'forties; who consider as a ghost story the documented facts about the Irish contribution in men and means during the colonial and revolutionary years of our country; who, in dread of being associated with forbears who drank a wholesome "mornin's mornin' in Shanahan's ould shebeen," never dared to learn that earlier forbears were men and women of academic culture (see the list of early Irish schoolmasters in our colonies) who, therefore, prone to wilt in an environment which was unsympathetic to that American-Irish chapter, uttered with facility the supercilious question of their kind in all ages and in all nations: "What good can come out of Nazareth?"

It is, indeed, a hidden phase of American history, as Mr. Michael J. O'Brien entitled his preceding volume of scholarly testimony upon the subject. Mr. O'Brien deserved the encomium which your editorial and book review gave to him. Americans, not of Irish lineage, who have come to know of his studies, are prompt to praise his patriotic labors. (It is patriotism to contribute to our national education these historical chapters about the Aeneid-days of our country.) Alas! to other Americans, I mean of Irish ancestry, who hang on the window-sills of an imaginary Anglo-Saxon castle party, Mr. O'Brien and his collaborators are still what Matthew Arnold said in description of the great and heroic Eugene O'Curry, "the obscure Scaliger of a despised literature."

Out of the abundant testimony from Americans, who are of no castle party, let us be content to quote one, in the very first rank of American thought and expression—President Coolidge. The excerpt is taken from a commencement address at Holy Cross when he was governor of Massachusetts in 1919; the text of the address is in his book of speeches, Have Faith in Massachusetts. While the Holy Cross roster of over a thousand students is like a "cross section" of the American community—the varied names of different racial origins—His Excellency knew that the Celt predominated "in this assemblage." And he, it is seen, had been studious of a hidden phase:

"It is not unusual to hear arguments against our institutions and our government, addressed particularly to recent arrivals and the sons of recent arrivals to our shores. They sometimes take the form of a claim that our institutions were founded long ago; that changed conditions require that they now be changed.

"Especially is it sometimes claimed by those seeking such changes that these new arrivals and men of their race and ideas had no hand in the making of our country, and that it was formed by those who were hostile to them and, therefore, they owe it no support. Whatever may be the condition in relation to others, and whatever ignorance and bigotry may imagine, such arguments do not apply to those of the race and blood so prominent in this assemblage. To establish this it were but necessary to cite eleven of the fifty-five signers of the Declaration of Independence and recall that on the roll of Washington's generals were Sullivan, Knox, Wayne, and the gallant son of Trinity College, Dublin, who fell at Quebec at the head of his troops—Richard Montgomery. But scholarship has answered ignorance. The learned and patriotic research of men of the education of Dr. James J. Walsh and Michael J. O'Brien, the historian of the Irish American Society, has demonstrated that a generous portion of the rank and file of the men who fought in the Revolution and supported those who framed our institutions was not alien to those who are represented here. It is no wonder that from among such that which is American has drawn some of its most steadfast defenders."

Here in the heart of the Bay State their numerous names are not forgotten, though one longs to know how those gallant fellows fared in a territory that lacked the ministrations of the Faith. Your own editorial pen touched the quick of pathos when you wrote: "To the American Catholic the loss of the Faith to the earlier Irish immigrants will never present itself as anything save a tragedy. . . . What unrecorded episodes of heroic resistance marked the process will never, perhaps, be known, though there are gleams and glimpses of it in ancient town records."

One of these "vestiges" I used to look at with wonderment when, as a little child in my native Massachusetts village, I went to visit our museum of historical relics. It was a rosary; and it hung at full length in one of the stout show-cases. Older playmates of the time, feeling the temper of the environment, may have imagined that "the beads" had been set there in ridicule; but I have since been persuaded that the rosary, one of many that must have been in that countryside, was found among the "effects" of some old great-great-grandfather before his interment in non-Catholic ground. And I like to think that many notable conversions to the Catholic Church in early New England were occasioned by the proximity of these Irish, whether warrior lads or servant girls, to the non-Catholic society of the day. Who shall ever enumerate the casual remarks, the "asides"—often like a sentence from á Kempis—freighted with supernatural wisdom, that dropped from the lips of these exiles, and became the meditation for many a longing soul seeking spiritual enlightenment in the environment.

An instance: early in the last century, almost at the very beginning of the century, Virgil Barber wrote after his conversion to the Faith: "I had in my house a good Catholic Irish servant girl, whom I often noticed using a certain prayer-book. I was then a Protestant minister, but I was sincere. A happy curiosity which was undoubtedly an effect of divine grace, made me open and examine that little book . . . ." Doubtless many of your readers know of the wonderful sequences of that investigation of the simple Irish prayer-book—the remarkable conversion and religious vocations of the Barber family—Mr. Barber and his son, Samuel, becoming Jesuits; Mrs. Barber entering the Georgetown Viistation, and later Superior there; and the daughters of the family also religious in the Visitation and the Ursulines (a unique chapter

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in American Catholic history, to be duly noted in the Life of Bishop Fenwick). And of issues to the Barber sequence, Father Fitton (who laid the foundations of the present Holy Cross in the 'thirties of that century) writes: "The conversion of Father Barber was not without producing the happiest results otherwise, as it laid the way to the conversion of the Reverend Dr. Keeley, an Episcopal clergyman, rector of Saint George's Chapel, New York; and of George Ironside, also a member of the Episcopal church; of Reverend Calvin White of Connecticut, and others." And that thread from an Irish loom of the Faith became a leading-string for other notable ecclesiastics in Massachusetts—Thayer, Bodfish, Baxter, and Metcalf.

One other instance out of those local catacombs: George Parsons Lathrop and the then Mrs. Lathrop (Rose Hawthorne) in their record of the Georgetown Visitation—A Story of Courage—relate an incident of one who subsequently became a Visitandine in Georgetown: "Miss Julia Pearce, a Bostonian, a scion of old Puritan stock. . . . She used to tell an ancedote of herself, which illustrates her spirit. When she was received into the Church her joy was so exuberant that she felt she must communicate her happiness to some sympathizing person. But how was she to find one in Boston, and fifty years ago, too, who would or could sympathize with a Catholic convert? She knew of no one who would rejoice with her except a good old Irish washerwoman, and so she hurried off to her, and threw her arms around her neck, and then danced up and down, exclaiming: 'We are Catholics!' "

In another sense, therefore, than that intended by Mr. O'Brien in his notable book, the service of that vast percentage of Irish in our early American history is a hidden phase.

If the period was a mild form of Babylonian captivity, these ardent devotees of patriotism and the Faith sang their songs of Zion courageously in an alien environment. Remembrance that is touched with wistfulness reads their names on the monument here in Worcester. For on the very evening of the battle of Lexington, as soon as the news reached these hills, the company that rushed forth toward Concord under Timothy Bigelow—and the exhortation and invocation were given by the Reverend Thaddeus Maccarty, a Presbyterian minister (God bless the mark!)—counted on its sturdy roll the names of John Smith, lieutenant; John Kannaday, sergeant; John Hair, Joseph Pierce, fifers; and in the line, Philip Donohue, Jonathan Gleason, James Taylor, Edward Hair, William Miles, Thomas Nichols, Joseph Cunningham, Nicholas Powers, and Thomas Drury.

Even though all these Celtic names are now inscribed on stones in non-Catholic cemeteries, we Americans can pray over them, adapting a verse of Lionel Johnson's:

God rest you, rest you, rest you, Ireland's dead,
Peace be upon you shed:
Peace from the glory of the Crucified,
You who for America died.

REV. MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

## CATHOLIC COLLEGES AND SCHOLARSHIP

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Precise thinking involves precise terminology. It has, therefore, occasioned me much surprise that in the voluminous contributions on Catholic Colleges and Scholarship no one has taken the trouble to define what he or she meant by the term "college." In this country especially, there seems to be a basis for a clean-cut distinction between the idea of university and of college. Just as an illustration, I quote from the works of Charles Franklin Thwing, who served for many years in executive capacity as both college and university president: "The ideal college is neither the ideal school nor the ideal university. The school has for its aim conveying of certain elemental facts; the university has for its aim either the discovery of truth or the giving of professional training. The school is concerned with the student; the university with truth and the relations of truth or with training for a vocation." The ideal college he points out as midway between these: "It is concerned with the student; it seeks to enlarge and enrich his character, but by the interpretation and application of truth."

Dr. Furfee in his instructive article seems, like others, to confuse the idea of a college and a university; this is partly in evidence in stressing the research feature. I believe it was Socrates who said: "The worst form of injustice is to treat unequals as equals." The college does not pretend to be a university or to be equipped either materially or intellectually for research as a primary work. Whether some universities are the quantitative expansion of the college idea is another question.

Another consideration that has not been stressed in the past as regards the small college is its commendably iconoclastic work in wrecking "intellectual" careers. As an example with which I am familiar, I propose Columbia College in Iowa. At its golden jubilee in 1923, statistics revealed that sixty-six percent of its graduates—and it is one of the largest colleges in the country—were either ordained priests or were then studying for the priesthood. Those men are almost ex officio and for all time prohibited from the offices of dissecting bugs or examining gangrenous psychological exhibits or conducting extensive geological surveys. But is there a world in which they may do research and which is as real as the visible creation? Are they intellectual pariahs because their investigation must henceforth do with the souls of men and the process of soul salvation? In our larger universities where "souls" do not exist they might be outcasts, but because their names are not engraved in Who's Who or do not head the classical investigation does not by any means indicate that the college which they attended has not fulfilled its intellectual as well as its spiritual mission.

There is a possibility that the Catholic "college" is still a few steps ahead of intellectual bankruptcy proceedings although without violence to its mission it might emphasize a little more the minor idea of research.

MAURICE S. SHEEHY.

## NEWMAN ON THE CHURCH

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor:—C. E. Dougherty's objection to the divine electicism of Christianity as assumed by Professor Carleton J. H. Hayes, is so patently in contradiction to the facts of historical development that one is reminded of Wilfred Ward's eloquent analysis of Cardinal Newman's anticipations by half a century of the trend of philosophical scepticism. Ward might have cited Newman's divination that the day was not far distant when a J. M. Robertson would write a book debasing Christianity to a conglomeration of ancient myths, customs, and rituals. This monstrously fanciful theory would ride roughshod over C. E. Dougherty's walled-in garden, but is halted at once by Newman's historical vision and theological

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penetration. Cardinal Newman has many a rich passage throughout his expository writing explaining that our "cult and theology were partially borrowed from paganism" as Professor Hayes contends.

Some measure of truth assuredly was developed before the advent of Christ and what that truth was the divine authority of the Church determined and selectively incorporated. As Cardinal Newman in his characteristic way says in one place: "It was the gracious condescension of our Lord Himself, not to substitute Christianity for Judaism by any violent revolution, but to develop Judaism into Christianity, as the Jews might bear it." Again, he says of Saint Paul: "While he strenuously opposes all that is idolatrous, immoral, and profane, in their creed, he will profess to be leading them on to perfection, and to be recovering and purifying, rather than reversing the essential principles of their belief."

The supreme passage, however—one of those beloved by Newmanites—radiantly and richly brings home the wisdom of God's governance of His world and His Church and, by the way, would confirm the premise of Professor Hayes. "The doctrine of a Trinity," he writes, "is found both in the East and in the West: so is the ceremony of washing; so is the rite of sacrifice. The doctrine of the Divine Word is Platonic; the doctrine of the Incarnation is Indian; of a divine kingdom is Judaic; of angels and demons is Magian; the connection of sin with the body is Gnostic; celibacy is known to Bonze and Talapoin; a sacerdotal order is Egyptian; the idea of a new birth is Chinese and Eleusinian; belief in sacramental virtue is Pythagorean; and honors to the dead are a polytheism."

"Scripture bears us out in saying," he writes, "that from the beginning the Moral Governor of the world has scattered the seeds of truth far and wide over its extent; that these have variously taken root, and grown up as in the wilderness; wild plants, indeed, but living; and hence that, as the inferior animals have tokens of an immaterial principle in them, yet have not souls, so the philosophies and religions of men have their life in certain true ideas, though they are not directly divine.

What man is amid the brute creation, such is the Church among the schools of the world; and as Adam gave names to the animals about him, so has the Church from the first looked round upon the earth, noting and visiting the doctrines she found there. She began in Chaldea, and then sojourned among the Canaanites, and went down into Egypt, and thence passed into Arabia, until she rested in her own land. Next she encountered the merchants of Tyre, and the wisdom of the East country, and the luxury of Sheba. Then she was carried away to Babylon, and wandered to the schools of Greece.

"And wherever she went, in trouble or in triumph, still she was a living spirit, the mind and voice of the Most High; 'sitting in the midst of the doctors both hearing them and asking them questions'; claiming to herself what they said rightly, correcting their errors, supplying their defects, completing their beginnings, expanding their surmises, and thus gradually by means of them enlarging the range and refining the sense of her own teaching. So far, then, from her creed being of doubtful credit because it resembles foreign theologies, we even hold that one special way in which Providence has imparted divine knowledge to us has been by enabling her to draw and collect it together out of the world, and, in this sense, as in others, to 'suck the milk of the Gentiles and to suck the breast of kings.'"

ELMER KENYON.

## LO! THE POOR LAYMAN

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Welcome are the sprightly pages of The Commonweal. I like it for its Catholicity; and in saying that could higher praise be given? I like it because it is the voice of the layman; and is it heresy to say that his, too, is the voice of the church? "The congregation of all the faithful" would never fit in choir stalls.

It is encouraging to find defenders of the Faith whose names are not tailed with a section of the alphabet. The conflicts of the church should not be waged by religious orders only. The layman has come to the fore where he belongs. All the martyrs were not clerics; and Thomas More is as large a figure in history as the Bishop of Rochester.

For a long time the laity has been content to fill the pews, and pay the bills. Someone might have written this lay of the layman: "Come all ye faithful and bring your duplex envelopes."

Today the people are propagandists. They are interested in all things Catholic—from theories of theology to liturgical improvement, from parochial schools to foreign missions, from plain chant to Peter's pence. Many of them are specialists—where we of the clergy are not even amateurs—in sculpture, in music, in architecture, in stained glass, in mural decoration. All of them are concerned that the church receive the fullest and the best.

What wonder if their nerves are jarred by our musical acolytes performing on Westminster chimes at the trice solemn Sanctus, or by triple fire gongs at the Supreme Moment of the Mass. What wonder if their eyes become astigmatic before bad architecture, tawdry glass, or clumsy ceremonial. What wonder if their ears ache during "musical Masses" by choirs who ought to have their throats cut.

All honor to the laity, all praise to the patience in the pew!

REV. PETER MORAN. C.S.P.

## MR. BLIVEN EXPLAINS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In your issue of February 10, you refer to an exchange of letters between Dr. Eugene Callahan of the Holy Name Society and the writer. You say: "For reasons best known to the editor of the liberal weekly [the New Republic] the letters have not received the hospitality of its printed columns. . . . It is rather a pity that Mr. Bliven's sense of fair play did not extend to letting [the public] be the judge by printing the whole correspondence."

Dr. Callahan's letter appears in full in our issue dated February 10, and which was on sale February 5. The only reason it was not printed sooner was that we were not aware he desired it published. Like other careful editors, those of the New Republic are not in the habit of printing communications unless they have some reason to believe that the author desires this to be done. Dr. Callahan gave no hint of any such wish until he did so in a subsequent note to me. His letter was published immediately, in the next issue in which it was physically possible to do so.

If there has been any ethical transgression in the matter, it seems to me that it lies with Dr. Callahan, who has, I judge, made public my private letter to him without either securing my permission or notifying me of his action. However, I haven't the least objection to his having done so, and cheerfully forgive him.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

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# THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

## *The Great Gatsby*

THOSE who have read Scott Fitzgerald's novel with this same name seem to be in cordial agreement that Owen Davis has performed a rare feat of dramatization—that most of the quality of the original story has been compacted into the prologue and three acts, and that the characters realized in the flesh are uncannily close to the prose portraits of the book. I report these opinions for whatever interest they have. But plays, to be worth while, must have a life of their own, quite apart from the source of their material and plot—and in this respect, Gatsby is not very stimulating. It does not quite ring true.

Much depends on your personal reaction to the character of Gatsby. And the way you feel toward Gatsby will be influenced in turn by the framework in which you see him—surrounded by a brood of bored and futile suburbanities, skating on the thin surface of life, and because they know nothing of the depths or the heights, exasperated by the monotony of moving forever on one level. In such a setting Gatsby can hardly fail to emerge as a character of interest and vitality. But then, a single strong milkweed would look hopeful on a barren sand dune. One might grow lyric about a dandelion in an ash dump. That is the kind of interest attaching to Gatsby.

He is a man with moral blind spots—a bond forger, a master bootlegger, with a strain of romantic chivalry and an incurable habit of idealizing. Probably his social crimes are not much worse than the daily soul murders committed by the slothful parasites surrounding him. Gatsby at least knows what it means to suffer—to climb, to reach out and fail to attain. He has some of the glamor of the romantic fool. But when all this is granted, he is still a man who chooses dishonorable means to what he holds as an honorable end—and, more important, a man in whom no inner conflict is created by this dishonesty At no stage of the drama is he struggling against his own weaknesses. He is, after all, a supreme egoist, to whom everything seems right that leads to his self-created goal. Even his chivalry springs from the desire to realize his ideal intact. He seeks himself in all things, even in the woman he loves, who, as the audience knows, falls so far below the picture Gatsby has made of her.

He is not, then, so very far different from those around him. They, too, have their smug ideal of indolence, and their lives are carefully planned to that end. They almost enjoy their boredom. They, too, are essentially egoists. The difference between them and Gatsby is not so much in the degree of self-seeking as in the kind of things sought. Now your true hero of drama or romance is usually a man seeking something beyond himself—something which involves not only a struggle against those around him but against the surgings of his own nature, against his own pride, his own lust, or his own greed. At some crucial moment, he is summoned to a great sacrifice, perhaps of life itself. Gatsby never hears the call of sacrifice. He is shot and killed—but not in defense of someone else nor even of an ideal. He admits at last who and what he is—but not until the evidence against him is overwhelming. He never lays the axe to the root of his own desires. That is why his heroism does not ring true.

If the play—and presumably the book—were to be taken solely as a portrait, it might pass muster. But the author steps in at frequent intervals to make comments, using the mouth of one of his characters. It is this running comment which gives the false note—a comment dictated by sentimentality rather than insight. It indicates that the author sees heroism where there is none, something ennobling where, unfortunately, there is only something destructive. By the pragmatic test alone, if Gatsby were of the stuff of heroes, his life and death would bring some good, some slight sense of awakening to at least one of those about him. But he leaves their lives untouched, except for the author's own tribute.

The acting of the play is excellent. James Rennie, of course, plays Gatsby. He is predestined, under the present system of type casting, to play rough diamonds (or alleged diamonds). He could do much better work. He has in him the material of the artist. Whether he has also the inner urge to become one is another matter. Those who want to do more than earn a living on the stage generally find a way, even if it costs them several hundred dollars a week. There are such cases in New York—of real heroism. Florence Eldridge plays the object of Gatsby's incurable idealism. She has been less cursed recently with type parts. From certain scenes in Bewitched, through a blackmailing maid in Young Blood, to Daisy Buchanan is a fair range of characterization. Her work is steadily improving. The best piece of work by far, however, is that of Elliot Cabot as Tom Buchanan. It is an astute and coherent portrait, played with exact restraint. Someone has even accused this complete Bostonian of forging a Yale accent to complete the Buchanan picture. If that is true, and if there is such a thing as a Yale accent, then Mr. Cabot has achieved something quite phenomenal. We can impatiently await a Princeton creation next year. In the meantime, Gatsby will probably please the sentimentalists, and retard by that much the progress of important drama. Its moral is politely but unquestionably wrong.

## *More About The Dybbuk*

THIS production of the Neighborhood Playhouse was ably and fully reviewed during my absence, but there are certain aspects of its astonishing success which ought to have a special interest for those engaged in dramatic activities and Little Theatre work, and these I shall touch on briefly.

In the first place, this play was rehearsed steadily for three months. When you realize that the average Broadway play is extremely fortunate to have four weeks' rehearsal, you will understand that in this case success has not been bought cheaply. To cite but a single instance of thoroughness, the crowd of beggars in the second act was compelled to lie around the stage, to beg from the other actors and from anyone coming into the theatre for a whole week before learning a single line of text. The Russian director, engaged for this production, knew that the feeling atmosphere of the piece was quite as important as the outward gestures or the spoken words, and he knew that this feeling could not be created spontaneously. As a result, the beggars now constitute not only a mob but a group of highly distinct individuals. And the training of the other actors has been in the same spirit and direction. The at-

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mosphere of sincerity is so intense that it literally creeps over the footlights and pervades the house.

In the second place, the production represents the highest development yet attained in New York of the group theatre idea. Most of the actors have year-round contracts with the Playhouse. The stage settings are designed and built in the theatre itself. Assisting the Russian director was another director of the regular Playhouse productions. Nowhere was the sense of unity and coöperative effort lost. All of this has counted tremendously in the finished production. No theatre in New York is harder to reach than the Neighborhood. It is several miles from the theatrical district. Yet, The Dybbuk has been selling out regularly to standing room. Those who believe that sincere artistic efforts are doomed to failure and that only the cheap spectacles, or more sensational plays with strong sex motivation, can hope for success, ought to derive deep and fine encouragement from this. The Neighborhood is the one theatre of its kind where good intentions combine with practical and persistent executive ability to such a happy point that real artistry emerges and triumphs in the case of nearly every production attempted. I strongly advise Little Theatre directors from any part of the country to study the methods of this group where art and business lead such a contented life together.

### *Just What the Russians Have Done*

THERE is no good object in making the Russians a fetich of things theatrical. Carmencita and the Soldier, already reviewed here, is by no means a wholly successful effort, in spite of its important innovations in stage setting and its dramatic return to the convention of the Greek chorus. The singing is very mediocre, the acting often too heavily underscored, and the tendency toward posed scenes is so great as to impede the flow of dramatic action. But one thing these Russians have taught us with a vengeance, and that is to cease regarding operatic librettos as sacrosanct. The music of this production is Bizet's familiar Carmen music, but its order has been entirely changed to meet a new story of Carmen. As one friend pointed out to me, music is generally a generation ahead of play-writing. By the time new music gets popular acceptance, the libretto of an opera is two generations behind current standards. The Russians have proved that one can enhance the dramatic value of operatic music by combining it with a play that is a play and not merely a series of lyrics strung together in plot form. Think what good libretto surgery could do to certain desolate wastes of Meistersinger, and you begin to see the possibilities the Russians have opened up. Let's thank them—and set to work while the idea is hot.

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### *Miss Young's Recital*

MISS ELLA YOUNG, the distinguished Irish story-teller and poet, will give a recital on the evening of Monday, February 22, at Bryant Hall, Sixth Avenue and 41 Street, New York. Miss Young's subject will be Ancient Ireland and Its Myths. Miss Young, who is best known as the author of Celtic Wonder Tales, is one of the most remarkable figures in the Gaelic renaissance, and has been well described by "A. E." as—"a reincarnated druidess." A resident of Connemara for many years, she made it her constant occupation to collect the ancient legends that were dying out upon the lips of the older peasants, and by rescuing them from oblivion and incorporating them in her stories and poems, has been a distinguished contributor to the re-birth of ancient Irish culture.

# BOOKS

*Gleanings from Irish History, by W. F. T. Butler. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $4.50.*

*Leabhar Chlainne Suibhne, an account of the MacSweeney families in Ireland with pedigrees, by Paul Walsh. New York: The Irish Book Shop. $2.50.*

UNTIL the important epochs in Irish history have been given movement, vividness, and depth by a romantic rendering, they will remain obscure to us. What is really wanted is some statement that will resume through a typical figure the great episodes in a certain epoch—in the epoch of the Elizabethan wars, say, or the Cromwellian conquest, or the Williamite war. And that can only be done by a great artist who possesses the racial feeling and who has a sense of the national destiny—in other words we need some writer to do for Irish history what Gogol did for Cossack history in Taras Bulba, what Von Herdenstam has done for the Scandinavian Saga-lore, and Galdós in his Episodios Nacionales. The formal historians have first to help us. This is now being done, and there are in Ireland now three or four historians who are giving us real glimpses into the Irish past.

In the two books that are before us there is evidence of this; in each there is the honest work of a first-rate scholar. Father Walsh's book does not deal with material that has anything like the significance of Mr. Butler's material. Both books have at their core family, or rather, dynastic history; Father Walsh's is about the MacSweeneys, comparatively newcomers into Ireland, and Mr. Butler's is about the MacCarthys, who were senior representatives of the Milesian families of the south. But while Leabhar Chlainne Suibhne deals with the MacSweeneys and the MacSweeneys only, Gleanings from Irish History deals with a subject of great social and political complexity—the native administration of an Irish principality, the destruction of the native power, and the alienation of territory that had formed a great Irish lordship. At the beginning of the twelfth century—just before the Norman invasion—a MacCarthy chieftain had built on the Rock of Cashel that chapel that still survives as the gem of Romanesque-Celtic architecture—Cormac's chapel. A century and a half after Cormac MacCarthy had built the chapel in Cashel the MacSweeneys established themselves in North Ireland. They came in from Scotland, but when they first come to be noted they are in possession of a genealogy that knits them to the Irish dynastic families of the north. They were fighters in the Norse fashion—Galloglaigh, the Irish called them, a name that comes into English as Gallowglass—their main arm was the battle-axe.

The title of Father Walsh's book means the Book of the MacSweeneys, and it gives with translations the principal documents relating to the MacSweeney family—pedigrees, family traditions and so on. The main document that is translated and interpreted in the volume was written in the years 1513-1514. The MacSweeneys did not emerge badly out of the Elizabethan wars—at least, not badly as far as their estates were concerned. The head of one branch of the family was on the jury that pronounced the great Hugh O'Neill guilty of high treason; he was left in possession of 2,000 acres of Donegal land. The MacSweeney of Doe fought against Hugh O'Donnell at the battle of the Curlew Mountains. He, too, was left in possession of 2,000 acres of Donegal land. In 1835 John O'Donovan met a man who claimed to

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be directly descended from this MacSweeney Doe. He was a traveling tinker. Says O'Donovan: "He then sat down and told me his story, the misfortunes of his family, how he came to be a tinker, and lastly his pedigree up to Sir Malmurry MacSweeney Doe—eight generations." "All the Milesians," he told O'Donovan, "from Fanad to Ballyshannon acknowledged him to be the senior and agreed in the number of generations from him up to Sir Malmurry." The MacSweeneys of Connacht forfeited their estates under the Cromwellian régime. There were MacSweeneys in Munster too; they were constables to the MacCarthy of Muskerry. Florence MacCarthy, at the time imprisoned in the Tower of London, mentioned one of these MacSweeneys as "the most exercised commander, and of the greatest skill and experience, and reputation for that country's wars of any mere Irishman."

The account of the MacSweeneys that Father Walsh prints and translates is interesting, not only as a record of an Irish family, but also for the light it throws on the Irish mind of the sixteenth century, and for the clues it gives to conditions at the time. Today in Donegal one might hear such description from the lips of some old Shanachie in a chimney-corner:

"He collected a great splendid fleet, and he and his followers launched their immense capacious ships, and their long surpassing-swift galleys, and their beautiful easily-managed boats, on the surface of the expansive deep, and on the high storm-swept sea, and on the blue-horizoned limitless abyss. They rowed with might and main, and they rested not until they reached the calm beautiful haven of Swilly."

In the original the passage is held together by strong alliteration; it would roll out finely from the lips of a story-teller. And it is not surprising to discover later on that: "Some time after Murchadh Mear had made that conquest, his wildness and enthusiasm drove him to think of going in search of the Fortunate Island, for he had heard some account of its wonders."

The household of a great noble of the time is shown to us by Father Walsh:

"These were the standing retinue in the house of Turlough Caoch, namely, 150. And in three portions that retinue of Turlough's was, that is fifty in each, besides wives and women-folk, and no portion of these could claim supremacy or submission of any other portion. Besides these there were the musicians, and the poets, and the inferior servants."

The problem which Mr. Butler proposes and elucidates is this: at the time of the Norman invasion the Irish chiefs held only a little land as personal property—they had demesnes which were granted them for personal services, but such demesnes were only a very small moiety of the territory that they ruled over. But in the sixteenth century the Irish chiefs had become great landowners—the O'Neills, the O'Briens had great estates, while the MacCarthy Mor held one of the greatest properties in the British Islands. What had brought the change about? Mr. Butler shows that the change was largely due to the re-conquest of Irish lands by the militant clans. The Normans seize a territory in which the chief has a small demesne, and in which the great part of the land is held by the nobility, the Church, the learned orders, the free members of the Tuath. The chief and his fighting forces are driven out. Then, in the course of time, the original owners, who had been living in the mountains, under some able leader, break in upon the settlers and drive them out. The impetus of the attack carries them, perhaps, beyond the borders of their old territory, and the subjugate lands held by the Normans or by native rulers. But now there are no rights nor tenures that have to be respected: the land subjugated is "sword-land" and is the chief's own. In consequence the Celtic polity becomes unbalanced; the chief plants the land with men who owe him personal loyalty; he brings in household troops—"Norse fighters" like the MacSweeneys, the MacDonnells, the MacCabes. He assumes predominant power; as he becomes a landowner, land-hunger grows more and more upon him. There are even instances of an Irish prince doing something which would have been unimaginable in the older polity—appropriating for his own use the estates that heretofore had been the support of the learned orders. In places where they had influence the English gave eager backing to such grabbing.

Down to the Cromwellian conquest certain of these learned orders were able to maintain the estates that had been set apart for their support in the old Celtic polity. In Muskerry, which was also a MacCarthy principality, the Carew Calendar in 1600 mentions the lands set apart for the professional classes, eight and a half ploughlands in all—a ploughland was a great measure of land:

"MacEgans, brehons; O'Levies, surgeons; O'Dalys, rhymers; O'Donins, chroniclers. It was part of the government policy to suppress the brehons, chroniclers, and rhymers, which was most easily done by handing their lands over to the chiefs. This fate had apparently befallen the O'Levies and the O'Donins. The O'Dalys, as we shall see, had a considerable property in 1641 in what is now counted part of Muskerry."

Besides the investigations into conditions in the MacCarthy principalities which inferentially reveal conditions in other parts of Ireland, there is a chapter on the Cromwellian confiscation which deals with the whole of the country, and a very important account of the policy of surrender and re-grant which deals with one of the most momentous happenings in Irish history. This was the attempt made by Henry the Eighth to have the Irish princes surrender their lands to him as lord of Ireland and to grant their lands back to them on terms of feudal ownership. Why this attempt failed is clearly shown by Mr. Butler: in the main, he suggests, it was because of the ignorance of the English Crown on the subject of Celtic tenures. But there was probably another factor that went to make this failure: America had been discovered, and that discovery, as Professor MacNeill has pointed out, had a decisive effect on Irish-English relations—it made the Tudors resolved to dominate the western island.

Why were the Irish princes unable either to reject or to use Henry's pretensions to being lord of Ireland? Why were they not able to form a League which would have forced the Crown to respect their property and their status, or else fling the Crown across the Channel and set up an authority amongst themselves that would have given security to Ireland? Mr. Butler when he shows us the Celtic polity even in its unbalanced form in Tudor times forces us to raise this question:

"In the first place, instead of the wild, semi-nomadic life of plundering clans depicted by some writers, we have evidence, in Desmond, of an organized state, with an elaborate fiscal system, providing a settled annual revenue for the sovereign and his various sub-chiefs. This revenue was definitely assessed on certain areas of land; it postulated fixed metes and bounds, a considerable amount of tillage. Every clan, every sub-sept, had its own territory; and, on this territory, the amounts due for the support of the hierarchy of chiefs was systematically applotted. The Irish, like the Welsh, had solved

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the problem which baffled the English until the restoration of the Stuarts, the problem, namely, of providing a fixed revenue for the Crown."

There were external attacks upon this polity, but its breakdown under Tudor absolutism was due to a weakness that prevented a League being formed. The first two Jesuits who went into Ireland noted that weakness: "They (the Irish) will never endure a superiority."

PADRAIC COLUM.

*Travel in England in the Seventeenth Century, by Joan Parkes. New York: Oxford University Press. $7.00.*

TRAVELERS from the western shores of the Atlantic who visit England and race in trains over the excellent permanent ways or in automobiles over the equally excellent roads should read this most fascinating book if they would have an idea of what travel was like in that land some two hundred or more years ago. It seems almost incredible that such a difference should exist—all the way from barbarism to civilization. The fact is, that the roads were then far worse than they were when the Romans had sway 1,300 years before. That great people had covered the important parts of the country with first-class roads. Their successors had done little even to keep these roads in order, until well into the eighteenth century, when something was done to improve conditions. Meantime, the lines of traffic could hardly be called roads, for the traveler had "right of good passage" between any two places and, it seems might and at times did actually ride or drive over growing corn when he found the ordinary track impassable. Thus we have innumerable accounts of coaches belonging to the highest in the land being overturned or mired, and of horsemen being thrown or their beasts stuck in some quagmire.

Miss Parkes has read with results most delightful for her own readers the memoirs of Pepys, Evelyn, Taylor, the water poet; Fox, the father of Quakerism; and many another book, and from them selected all sorts of incidents illustrative of her theme. At all times of the year these roads must have been detestable; dusty in summer, boggy in winter; covered often with floods and, when severe frosts set in, almost impassable. And it seems as if the winters must have been more severe in those days. The Thames was frozen over, sometimes so firmly that bonfires were lit on it and fairs held on the ice in 1607, 1608, 1620, 1683, and 1684 from January 6 to February 7. In my recollection of more than fifty years during which such a thing would have struck my imagination, I can only once remember the Thames to have been really seriously frozen over.

It was not, however, the weather and the roads which were most to be dreaded, but the human pests, notably highwaymen, who infested it. As figured today in tales there was a certain amount of romance about these gunmen but, in fact, there was nothing to choose between the modern hold-up man and Captain Macheath or any of the other numerous "captains" or the Golden Farmer or even that celebrated person, William Nevison who—and not Dick Turpin, alas, that another legend must be dispelled!—was the hero of the ride to York. This Nevison robbed a man who recognized him on Gad's Hill—where Falstaff had his memorable conflict and where Charles Dickens was afterward to live—near Rochester at four o'clock in the morning. He fled for the north and it was lucky for him that in the Great North road he had one constructed by the Romans, for on an English road of the period he would have had no chance. By eight o'clock that evening he was in York and talking to the Lord Mayor so as to establish a perfect alibi, and established it was, for no one could have believed that one horse could have traversed this 250 miles in the time.

The sequel is really humorous, for the fact of the ride having leaked out, not only was the bandit unpunished but he had an audience with Charles II, who pardoned him and imposed on him the name of "Swift Nicks" under which name the king's officers were in a few weeks advertising a large reward for his capture for a further crime. It was not only the highwaymen but the abductors of young heiresses who prowled about the muddy highways. Miss Bridget Hyde was the possessor in her own right of 3,000 pounds per annum, quite a nice little fortune today and worth far more then, and besides, had expectations from a very wealthy step-father. She was attacked by eleven gentlemen highwaymen one of whom was to marry her but she escaped and was actually married clandestinely to her cousin when only twelve years old. He was unable to retain her beyond the church or the blacksmith's door whichever it was that he patronized, but he managed to have her kidnapped later on on the road by one Ensign Wroth. She was recaptured and eventually, her first marriage having been annulled, carried her wealth to Lord Dumblane, afterward second Duke of Leeds. As to Miss Guli Springett, she, under the care of Thomas Ellwood—a stout fellow and a real protector—whilst journeying through the land on her lawful occasions was the victim of several attempts at abduction. Yet she escaped and subsequently became the wife of no less interesting a person than one William Penn, a Quaker, whose name will never be forgotten as the founder of Pennsylvania.

The population of those days was anywhere between 3,000,000 and 5,000,000, and the major part of it never stirred far beyond the precincts of its own village or town. Yet there was much going and coming of all sorts of folk, under close supervision, for when you passed through a village if you could not satisfy the local Dogberry that your business was one of an inoffensive kind you were haled off to the filthy lock-up and remained there until you could clear your character. Travel through some places was, apart from this, accompanied by strange ceremonies. For example, at Highgate on the road between London (and close to that city) and Holyhead every traveler who alighted for the first time at the inn at the top of the hill had to take oath on a pair of horns extended to him at the end of a long pole that he would never eat brown bread when he could get white, never drink small beer when he could get strong, and never kiss the maid when he could kiss the mistress with this saving clause, "unless he likes the maid best."

Among the passengers were, of course, Catholics, though as a rule such were not to be met with more than five miles distant from their own homestead, that being the limit of their ability to travel without license from the Privy Council or some other important authority. Yet on occasion, numbers of them managed to make their way to Saint Winifred's Well in Wales, then as now a great place of pilgrimage. How they managed to do this Miss Parkes does not tell us, but make the pilgrimage they certainly did. And, perhaps, the most tragic figure on the road was the hunted Catholic priest with a price on his head, traveling under any one of a dozen names and in any one of a dozen costumes; sleeping where he could, and discharging his duties; saying Mass sometimes in a public house where men sat round with pipes and glasses of

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beer to delude the pursuivants; sometimes in one of the hidden chapels which one sees in so many of the old houses of the period in England; sometimes lying hid in one of the ingenious holes contrived in the same houses by "Little John," the six-foot-two Jesuit lay-brother so artful in the construction of such places. Or again, he might be met, as Miss Parkes tells us very truly, bound to a hurdle and dragged along the rough or muddy road to the place where he was to be hanged, drawn and quartered, for that was a common ending to such a life. These are but a very few samples from the gallery opened to us by Miss Parkes in her book which is not only well written and supplied with well-selected instances but is also admirably illustrated with cuts from old books of the period.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

*The Present Economic Revolution in the United States, by Thomas Nixon Carver. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.*

IN so far as this book presents a series of fresh facts and infers from them a distinctly novel observation as to the social and economic course to which this country is holding, it is an altogether admirable example of lucidity and beauty of logical construction. If the author had contented himself with this, all would have been well. But temperament is a dangerous thing, it would seem, for the practitioners of what was once called the "dismal science" of political economy—even when it is as safe a temperament as Professor Carver's—for when he loses hold on his steel-bound inductive method and breaks into lyrical hosannas by way of conclusion, his effects become distressing, as well as stimulating, to the thoughtful.

His facts are briefly these: Universal free education in America is providing equality of opportunity for the rising generation to a far greater extent than has ever before been provided anywhere. Wealth and power are becoming diffused throughout all classes of our population, tending rapidly to eliminate such class-distinctions as remain. Laborers, moreover, are swiftly accumulating capital with their increasing earnings; all occupations are being leveled to an equal degree of compensation; and even capitalists are being forced to work, as they find profits from capital alone insufficient.

That "this is something new in the history of the world" will scarcely be contested; and that it is actually happening is perfectly apparent to anyone who has contributed to the maintenance of his plumber's new sedan. Here, where the fact is obvious, Professor Carver makes an overwhelming case of it. Figures as to the distribution of corporation shares and stock ownership, deposits in labor banks, industrial life insurance, and income taxes are amassed to demonstrate that labor is accomplishing a real revolution, not by means of physical force but through a dependence upon the "higher strategy" which employs wealth itself as a weapon to enforce its demands. In thus repressing its fighting temper, and in wisely consulting self-interest merely (a sound procedure economically, and defensible ethically) the former wage-slave class is effecting what promises to become a staggering diffusion of prosperity among all occupational groups, although individual prosperity within any single group will depend, as always, on individual endowment and energy. Menders of roads, as a class, will be no whit worse nor better off, financially or socially, than menders of bones and tissues, minds, souls, or international relations. Paternalism and snobbishness will be things of the past. Our leisure class, already infinitesimal, will disappear. Only the extraordinarily endowed, be they bricklayers, realtors, metaphysicians, or politicians, will be able to maintain the necessarily high-salaried domestic servants. All this will go hand in hand with progress in practical invention and applied science. Improved machinery will, perhaps, make possible a laboring day of no more than four hours for the average man.

Well, this revolution is already upon us, and its onrush is being accelerated by our stoppage of immigration of cheap, unskilled labor. It is driving poverty and squalor out of our slums. Equality under liberty, the glorious American ideal, is in course of realization. Liberté, egalité, fraternité! Here let Professor Carver rejoice for a moment in his liberal Macaulayesque faith in increasing and diffused material comforts. Let him justly admire the peaceable methods of labor, and exhort labor to continue these for its own material welfare.

But what are the pursuits with which our single universal laboring class is regaling itself, now that it is attaining its prosperity and finding time to seek the actual ends of existence? What is being substituted for the squalor of the slums and for the over-sumptuous dining salons of our obsolescent Mr. Doughs? Fords, tabloid newspapers, Hollywood cinemas, beauty contests, radios, mechanical pianos, confession-stories, more subways, endless two-family suburban houses, quack medicines, and New Thought lectures. Aurea mediocritas! If our world is to contain nothing but these, some of us cannot but feel that the American prospect is ugly, distressing, even sinister. Less than one of Professor Carver's 270 pages deals with these symptoms of the oncoming universal contentment—or may we say, smugness? He can see nothing tragic here. He dismisses the faint misgiving thus: "All this we may as well admit. Nevertheless, it is a glorious achievement to have put so much purchasing power in the possession of masses of people who, in other countries, would never have had it—who would, in fact, have constituted the impoverished masses."

The trouble with such an attitude (and it may be a common disease among economists) is that it is purely materialistic, for all the author's assurances that it is divinely inspired. After smartly thwacking the Bolsheviki, Marxians, anarchists, radicals, and socialists for their "materialism," which he confuses with mere selfishness, Professor Carver cheerfully reckons all the values and possibilities of human existence in terms of things purchasable with money. He might have remembered, when he quoted one of Ruskin's outbursts of sentimentality over the horrors of little girls wearing large shoes, that one of Ruskin's cherished tenets was the denial that human effort and aspiration could be handled as so much material commodity. And it is strange to find the occupant of a Harvard chair characterizing as a "pig-trough philosophy" the urge toward self-expression in elegant leisure. What would he do with Virgil or Michaelangelo?

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR.

*Appassionata, by Fannie Hurst. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.*

THE story of the conflict between the loves of the spirit and of the flesh is the theme of Fannie Hurst's novel, Appassionata. It is a great theme and is, for the most part, well handled. Never, from the moment when Laura Regan awakes to a sordid day in her unhappy home from luxurious morning slumber in her beautiful boudoir, till her final conquest by Christ her Beloved in that same room, voluntarily shorn of its splendor, does the warfare cease. It is the story

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of any soul called by God from the thousand hampering trivialities of material desires to be His spouse. Warring forces are marshaled in array. On the one side are Laura's ecstatic delight in her exquisitely beautiful body, her craving for luxurious surroundings, and her affection for her likable fiancé, which is, however, piteous rather than passionate. On the other side are the pursuing love of Christ, Laura's love of Him which "flows through her in a natural spring, no more to be helped than another woman can help the torrent of her earthly love," and her frightened repugnance from marriage as she saw it in her own family. An analysis of these forces and their effects on the heroine make up the book.

This is a novel of moods and emotions rather than of plot, of epithets rather than of incidents. Laura Regan is the daughter of a wealthy contractor who makes her think of a semi-paralyzed gorilla, and who tyrannizes over his family. The mother, "at whom nobody ever looks," is a fretful person whose "eyes cling like burs" to the resentful face of her son Frank, a would-be writer who has lost his faith. The older daughter, Fleta, is forced to remain in a monstrous marriage relation because her father exercises more severity than does the Church in regard to the separation of man and wife. Laura who, according to her brother, "thinks with her tear-ducts," is torn by recurring shocks of pity for the various members of her family. Pity is her prime characteristic. "You were like that. What was most horrid to you brought out all your pity and there you were, mixed up in what you shuddered back from." She had pity for everyone, even for God. Seeing the hurt legs of the Crucified: "You could have torn your heart to shreds to bind them." By her pity Laura is especially fitted to labor for Him whom pity for sinners nailed to a cross.

Laura Regan loves God in the way of ecstatic saints. Twice taken from the arms of earthly lovers by her divine Spouse, she finally gives herself to be His perpetual bride, knowing He will love her even after her shimmering beauty has gone.

Upon the very real spiritual beauty of the book is heaped sordidness. The men of the story do not at all understand the spiritual element in love between the sexes. The marriages described are mere travesties. In marshaling her forces, Miss Hurst is fairer to the convent than to the home. Her fatal faculty for detail makes parts of the book objectionable. With uncanny ability she coins horrid descriptive phrases and then hammers them into one's brain by endless repetitions. Even the highly spiritualized Laura is constantly tortured by the fear of the physical side of marriage, ignoring all else, till she induces a sort of hysterical paralysis which is twice cured by her promise to become a nun. There is a semblance of miracle in these restorations.

Miss Hurst's production of a novel containing so much Catholicity is encouraging. Her popularity among those who know nothing of the religious life will acquaint them with it and with the doctrines of the Holy Eucharist, Baptism, Confession, and Marriage. They will go with the heroine to Mass: "Miracle of the Sacrament. Wafer of His flesh. Wine of His blood. There before your adoring eyes. . . . The taking into your very being of Him. That was marriage supernal."

The nun Mother Agatha is a happy creation, "sensible, everyday Mother Agatha with the face like the lit lamp," who could understand how a girl would want to send her hands out in service like healing white wings to the Magdalenes and yet would shudder with nausea at thought of touching their sores; "dear Mother Agatha, with the workaday and the sublime all mixed up in her."

Laura's final renunciation is robbed of greatness by the "miracle." She is forced by it to her choice. Thus is the book, too, robbed of greatness. It is well-nigh impossible to appraise the novel critically because of its jarring elements. One cannot enjoy the book, nor recommend it, and yet one must be glad it was written, for it is another proof that the soul's quest for God and for union with Him is entering into modern materialistic literature.

SISTER M. ELEANORE.

*In the American Grain, by William Carlos Williams. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $3.00.*

THERE are chapters of In the American Grain that the reviewer considers superior and would like to read, absorb, and enjoy forever. They reveal William Carlos Williams in his best light as a truthful yet poetic exponent of history. He has held old manuscripts up to the sun and infused life blood into them. The narration is robust, yet the golden light of the sun pours over each one of those individuals; Christopher Columbus, Cortez, Montezuma, Ponce de Leon, and De Soto, even the terrible Red Eric, become in ironical verity our comrades, fellow sharers of difficulty, disappointment, internal chagrin. These are the souls that he touches most feelingly unless we except those two kings of the wilderness, Daniel Boone and Père Rasle.

It is the poet in Williams who speaks in the Discovery of the Indies: "The western land could not guard its seclusion longer; a predestined and bitter fruit existing, perversely, before the white flower of its birth, it was laid bare by the miraculous first voyage. For it, as the achievement of a flower, pure, white, waxlike, and fragrant, that Columbus's infatuated course must be depicted, especially when compared with the acrid and poisonous apple which was later by him to be proved. . . . No more had Columbus landed, the flower once ravished than it seemed as if heaven itself had turned up this man for disturbing its repose."

And again the new world says to De Soto: "In the end you shall receive of me, nothing—save one long caress as of a great river passing forever upon your corse. Balboa lost his eyes on the smile of the Chinese ocean; Cabeza De Vaca lived hard and saw much; Pizarro, Cortez, Coronado—but you Hernando De Soto keeping the lead four years in a savage country against odds 'without fortress or support of any kind,' you are mine, Black Jasmine, mine—."

Leaving these tropical prose poems of little epics with the song—for it is a song on Sir Walter Raleigh—we come to the account of the Puritans who are the author's pet aversion. He reads them truly, though violently, in many ways, "resting on no authority but the secret warmth of their tight-locked hearts." He offers us all their worst angles, their most unpleasant odors. For Williams will conceal nothing, palliate nothing. Consequently, it is here that the strength of his fine prose conceptions begins to be weakened, broken upon by colloquial comment, heavily edited, its dignity thrust aside. It is as amusing as a moving picture caption or a performance on the radio to see how he dashes off into cheapness, presses impatiently to himself sentences like: "Who is open to injuries? Not Americans. Get hurt; you're a fool. The only hero is he who is not hurt. Let the sucker who fails get his. What's tragic in that? That's funny!"

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Similarly, in his chapter on Père Sébastien Rasle, the Jesuit priest who lived among the Indians, he begins by introducing a dialogue between himself and Larbaud which lasts for the space of fifteen pages. Too many asides and arguments blur the fine painting of a great personality. "Père Rasle, a spirit rich, blossoming, generous, able to give and to receive, full of taste, enduring self-forgetfulness in beneficence—a new spirit in the new world."

The last pages of the book, from George Washington to Abraham Lincoln and Edgar Allan Poe, are sometimes illuminated as by arc-lights and then again blurred under spotlights of prejudice. Williams fairly crucifies on the rack of his own littlenesses Benjamin Franklin the "dike-keeper of America, who kept the wilderness out with his wits." He takes the part of Aaron Burr whom he paints in large, loud colors "because men, never content with the malice with which they surround each living moment, must extend their ill-will backward." He conceives of everything in the new America as being warped by concealment and fear, our women most of all. The chapter on Jacataqua, the Indian girl, is a dissertation on our lack of sex—"the spiritual barrenness of the American woman." With a shingle in his upraised hand, the author goes after America's most smug satisfactions, attacks her foremost slogans. He resembles a man with a battle-axe starting joyfully to blaze a new spiritual trail through the forest of the world and finding the popular advertisements with "Don't Touch" written large all over them, on every tree. An idealist of Latin blood, he does not want his blossoming, savage wilderness of life soiled by the storekeepers, advertisers, and politicians of humanity.

Even when we disagree and feel his psychology absolutely at fault we are aware that the man is a dynamo. At least, he is without inhibitions—taking in life on every side at a rich, even romantic angle—feeling, thinking, developing. He is sincere. Even in his vulgarity he is amusing. It is with the gesture of a school boy that he throws mud at popular idols. If the mud balls occasionally turn and deface his own best work, it is immaterial. The vast outlines of a nature which never swerves, punishes cruelly, rewards infallibly, are his poetic material. No dream of a golden fountain of youth would have drowned the vigor of his discoveries.

LAURA BENÉT.

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*The title page and index for volume II of The Commonweal are now ready. These will be sent upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding volumes I and II in leather or cloth. Information on binding will be given upon application to the office of The Commonweal.*

## CONTRIBUTORS

L. J. S. WOOD is the Rome correspondent of The Tablet, and a contributor to other reviews in England and America.

ANNE LLOYD is a new contributor to The Commonweal.

HILAIRE BELLOC is the author of The Path to Rome, and other books.

A. R. ORAGE, formerly editor of the New Age, is the author of National Guilds, Nietzsche in Outline and Aphorism, and Credit-Power and Democracy in collaboration with Major C. H. Douglas.

SISTER M. MADELEVA, contributor of poetry to current magazines, is the author of Pearl.

JOHN-MARY SIMON, O.S.M., is a theologian, now in residence in New Mexico.

PADRAIC COLUM, Irish poet and story-teller, is the author of *Wild Earth*, and The Children Who Followed the Piper.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE is an authority on the relations between religion and science. He is the author of A Century of Scientific Thought.

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR., is the author of a biography of Thomas Hardy.

SISTER M. ELEANORE is a member of the Congregation of the Holy Cross and the author of The Literary Essay.

LAURA BENÉT is a writer of literary criticism for American magazines.

## THE QUIET CORNER

*"I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.*—C. LAMB.

"Britannicus," said Dr. Angelicus, a belligerent twinkle in his eye as he put down the sheaf of foreign periodicals he had been going through, "there seems to be considerable food for amusement in English journalism."

"You've said a mouthful," replied Britannicus in his undisguisable Oxford accent, as he lit a Camel.

"For instance," went on the Doctor, "here is your London Spectator—"

"Stop," cried Britannicus. "I resent the imputation. It isn't my Spectator. What though I was born in London, I've always said The Spectator was a stodgy old sheet."

"Oh," said the Doctor, obviously disappointed (for the threat of another snowfall in the air had put him in an argumentative mood) "I thought you believed in the superiority of the British press?"

"I believe in its own belief of its superiority," replied Britannicus, guardedly. "But why pick on the old Spectator, anyway? Founded by Addison in the days before your country was born, it has attained a ripe old age, and as the most venerable paper printed in English today, it is entitled to the respect due its years. What if a trace of senility is to be noted in its pages? All the more reason for your veneration. Now that's the trouble with America—"

"What's the trouble with America?" demanded Angelicus, the light of battle flaring up in his eyes.

"Why," said Britannicus, "you have no bump of respect for the ancient and honorable. The rest of the world bows its head in reverence at the sight, say, of a long, white beard—but America laughs, and goes up and gives the long, white beard a tug."

"But it is in the very nature of whiskers, to invite pulling," declared Miss Brynmarian. "I don't see what else they exist for. Why are whiskers, anyway? America just gives them a good-natured yank (that must be why you English call us Yankees) and then advises the owner to use an up-to-date safety razor. That treatment may not be as respectful as the other, but after all, it's perhaps more helpful."

"Not at all," said Britannicus, "the whiskers are a symbol—the outward and visible sign of a beautiful inward and spiritual growth which America chooses to ignore."

"The inward growth is all right," said Miss Brynmarian. "What makes us laugh is the funny outward one. And anyway, you needn't lay all irreverence to whiskers up against

(*Continued on page 448*)

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America—for wasn't it England herself who instituted the game of Beaver whose very purpose is to ridicule them?"

Britannicus was obviously non-plussed, but made a quick recovery. "The English may have had the originality to invent the game, but the Americans play it best," said he.

"Naturally," said Miss Brynmarian, demurely.

"Here, here, children," interrupted the Doctor. "Let us get back to the subject I introduced—English journalism. Now I don't by any means intend to hold Britannicus responsible for its curiosities. That would be quite unfair to him. Nevertheless, I should like to read a few things from these copies of The Spectator I have been looking into, but without any idea of arousing unpleasant discussion. Suppose we do this—play a game, which shall be called, 'Draw Your Own Conclusions and Be Silent'—everyone listening to the matter I shall read, and no one saying anything."

"Fair enough," said Miss Brynmarian and Britannicus in a breath. So Angelicus began—

"Here is a leader in The Spectator commenting on the recent American agitation against the price of British rubber. The writer, after pointing out the high price of American cotton and wheat under which British manufacturers have suffered, says—'We did not complain of any of these things, nor did we complain when America asked us to repay the money which she had lent us in order that we might pass it on to others.'"

There was an audible groan from Miss Brynmarian, which Dr. Angelicus silenced with a warning finger.

"Again," said Angelicus, turning a page of The Spectator, "I see a leader, headed—'Should England Advertise?' In the course of it, the writer remarks, quoting Lord Beaverbrook—'What the English need is not self-confidence, but self-advertisement. The more they conquer their modesty, the more rapid will be their success. . . . Well-wishers of this country [England] all tell us that our national fault is over-modesty—our national vice, self-depreciation.'"

There was a scuffle in the corner and Angelicus looked up to see Tittivillus doing a double hand-spring there.

"I'm in the game too," said the boy as he came up with tousled head, and viewed the expression of reproof on the Doctor's face, "so I'm saying nothing. There was no prohibition against actions," he added defensively.

"Actions," reminded the Doctor reprehensively, "speak louder than words. Control yourself, Tittivillus."

"Yes," said Miss Brynmarian, "remember that you have been listening to the words of Lord Beaverbrook. I don't know whether or not he wears whiskers, but from the nature of his name and also from his remarks, I think it is likely. And as Britannicus thinks these adornments should be respected, you'd better take your hand-springs out into the corridor."

But Tittivillus was undismayed. "The Spectator needs new spectacles," he sang, as he did an extravagant somersault.

"Game called on account of disorder," cried Angelicus, as he rapped authoritatively on his desk. "Tittivillus, get yourself to the Sign of the Greasy Spoon and buy me a package of Tareytons," he added, handing the boy some change. "And get a lollipop for yourself," he called after him.

"Surprising," he said to Britannicus, "the curbing and restraining influence of the lollipop on the juvenile tongue."

"That being the case," replied Britannicus, "I should think that in the lollipop industry of America, the demand would far exceed the supply."

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